

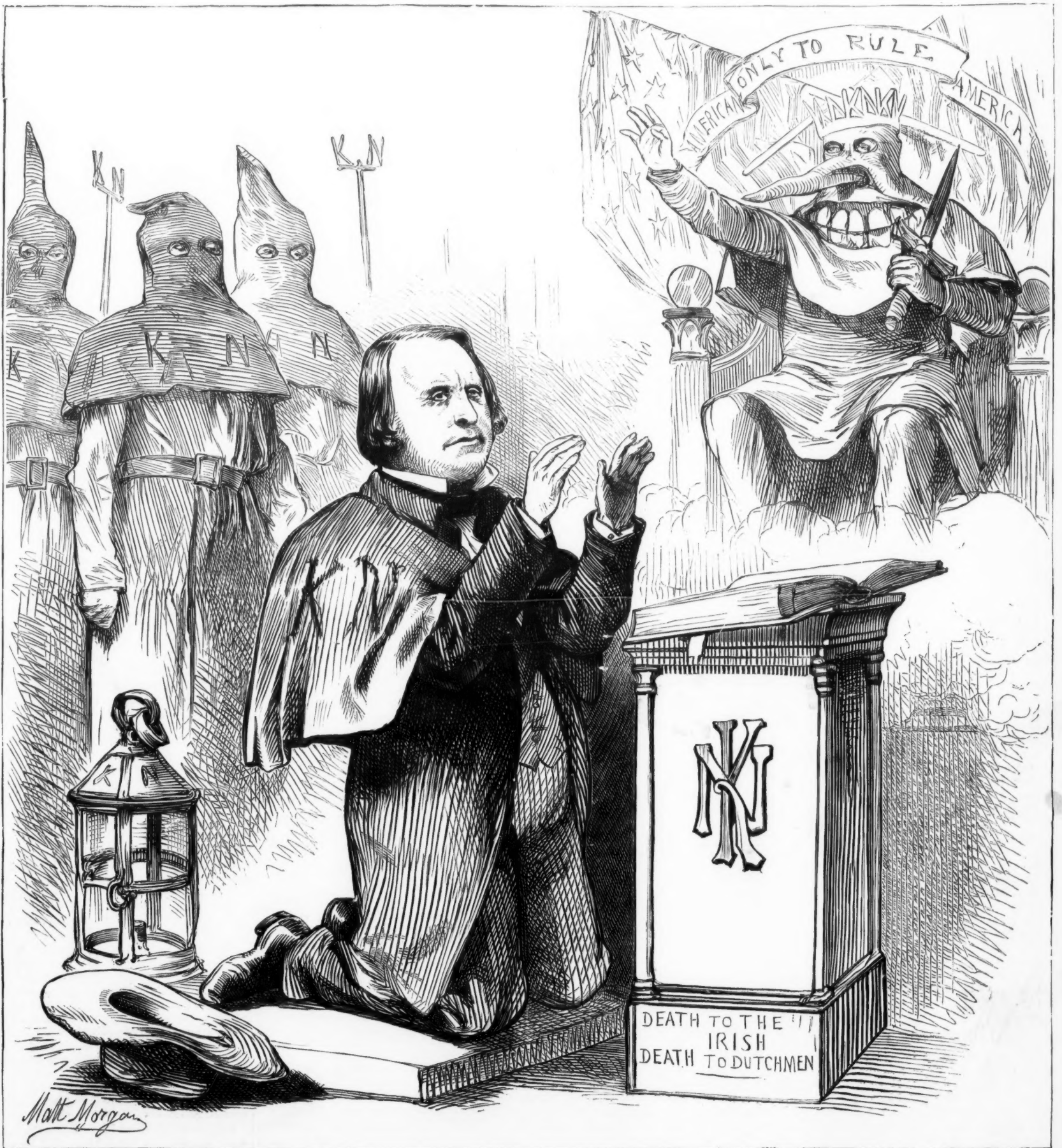
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by FRANK LESLIE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 887—Vol. XXXV.]

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



A LEAF FROM HISTORY FOR OUR FOREIGN-BORN CITIZENS.

Time—1854. Place—Boston. Scene—A KNOW-NOTHING LODGE. "

"In the presence of the true and ever living God, and on His Sacred Scriptures, His Holy Word, I, Henry Wilson, do declare that I will truly fulfill all my obligations toward my brethren of the Order of Know-Nothings, and that I will keep sacred all the signs, tokens, pass and degree words, grips, emblems, and proceedings, etc.; and I further declare, and solemnly swear, that I will not knowingly vote for, appoint, or elect any person of foreign birth, or a Roman Catholic, to any office in the local or general administration of the American Government. And I further declare, and swear, that I will use all the means in my power to counteract and destroy the influence of foreigners and Roman Catholics in the administration of the Government of the United States. To all this, a free and voluntary obligation on my part, without reservation, I pray that I may ever be able to remain true and steadfast, so help me God."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
637 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

CLUB TERMS.

Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated paper in America.

CAUTION.

We have received several letters recently from the Western States, notifying us that a man calling himself J. H. Johnson has been collecting subscriptions for our publications, and decamping with the money. We beg to announce, for the hundredth time, that we employ no traveling agents, and that all who represent themselves as such are impostors, who should be handed over to the police.

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the only illustrated journal in the country which supports the great popular movement in politics which was initiated at the Cincinnati Convention, and having been now indorsed at Baltimore, will be crowned with success at the polls in November. It is, therefore, especially the campaign organ of the great Liberal Party of the country. We wish to call this fact to the attention of all who sympathize with us in this grand movement for Reform, and especially to our friends of the Press in the South and West.

O'CONOR.

A PROMINENT officer in the late Southern army, who is distinguished as a poet, and is recognized as such at home and abroad, relates his experience as an advocate in Texas. He defended a man for stealing a pig, and he quoted all the authorities, from Blackstone down to Story, when his opponent, in a "hickory" shirt, without a coat or hat, arose and said: "My learned opponent has soaked with Socrates, and romed with old Romulus, and canted with old Cantharides—but what in the world has this to do with my client stealing a pig?"

Charles O'Connor has finally done up the Louisville Committee in the same fashion. In response to their begging solicitation that he will run as the candidate of the Grant conspirators, Mr. O'Connor pelts them with the classics, narcozizes them with metaphysics, stultifies them with "Bunsby" ambiguities, bewilders them in a wilder maze than Dante found himself in just after he passed the edge of Purgatory, and was descending into the regions Infernal. A weirder political thing than this last O'Connor Epistle has not been seen since the days of Priestcraft, when jugglers managed oracles, and soothsayers inspected the bowels of oxen to determine state exigencies.

To show Blanton Duncan, Tweed, and the rest of the polished roughs who composed the Louisville Convention, what a scholar he is, Mr. O'Connor puts in one mortar and mixes up for their dainty stomachs a dose compounded of Achilles, Canna, Leonidas, Thermopylae, Palmyra, and Lyeurgus—a mixture of men and things, of fact and fiction and cobwebs, and century-entombed toads, which make a more wonderful conglomerate than that which stunned and swayed the hickory-shirted and hatless gentleman, who was bewilderingly inquiring in Texas after the law concerning stolen pigs.

MAINE AND VERMONT.

IT is unnecessary to add much to what "Junius," in another column, says about the late elections in Maine and Vermont. We entirely concur with him in adopting the vote of the two Presidential years, viz., 1868 and 1872, as the proper base of calculation. So considered, the Liberals gain the difference between 16,000 and 20,000, which is, of course, four thousand votes, or an average of twenty-five percent. in the vote of Maine. Vermont, in which no struggle was made, stands about two percent. reduced from her former Grant majority. The Grantites seem, from the noise which they make over it, to be very grateful for this intelligence. On our side, we might as well shout over a victory in Kentucky as they over Maine. Then we come to the result in a fairly con-

tested State, such as Pennsylvania, for example, somebody can bring out the guns with a show of propriety. To fire cannon over Maine and Vermont is a very silly Grant performance, indeed. For our part, we expect to gain no New England State, unless, perhaps, Connecticut. The battle-ground of this national conflict is, obviously, elsewhere.

We call again on our Committees to remember the work of detailed organization. It was that sort of work which Moltke did when he walked the Germans into Paris, without a single miscalculation. Without it, all is heroics, fuss, gasconade, "leather and prunella." With it, assurance is made doubly sure, and the victory will be an easy one.

THE GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATES.

WE are more than content with the Democratic Republican nomination for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of New York.

Mr. Kernan cannot be reasonably objected to, and is only caviled at by bigots because he is a Roman Catholic. If such Know-Nothings as Senator Wilson choose to attack Mr. Kernan on that ground, the quicker they follow the example of the New York Times in this mode of sectarian war, the sooner we shall understand how our citizens like a Religious Test of such sort.

Mr. Kernan is neither a sectarian nor a bigot. He only claims the right of every American to worship God in his own way.

In 1867 Mr. Kernan was a member at large to the Convention for Revising the State Constitution, where he uttered the broadest and most tolerant views with regard to Legislative appropriations to sectarian charitable institutions and schools. He desired to take away all discretion from the Legislature in this regard; and on that occasion he declared his views in a memorable speech delivered in the Constitutional Convention.

In the course of that Speech he denied it to be wise or just for the Legislature to donate any moneys or property of the State to any person, association, or corporation. He would (to use his own words) "leave all these institutions, cut off from the public Treasury, to be supported by the contributions of the individuals and denominations that organize and control them. He would place all on an equality; not tax one class or denomination for the aid of the institutions of another. He would stimulate into Charitable and Religious Institutions a better spirit than that which should goad them to watch the State Treasury with jealous eyes. He would promote a generous rivalry among them in forwarding and sustaining, amongst themselves, all religious and other institutions." (See Report of Mr. Kernan's speech in the Constitutional Convention, September 18th, 1867.)

Mr. Kernan's loyal sentiments, his general ability and purity of character, his notorious zeal as a Reformer of all Legislative and other corruption, have won for him a reputation second to that of no man in our great State. At no time was he the second choice of the Convention which nominated him, while he was prominently put forward for his present post by such able, good and trusted men as Chief-Justice Church and Horatio Seymour.

No man in New York has given higher proof of popularity, where he is known, than has Mr. Kernan. As one instance of this, we will relate a fact: When a candidate for Congress in 1862, Horatio Seymour, resident in the same county, was also running for Governor, and Mr. Kernan received two hundred and eighty-one votes more than did Seymour in their home county of Oneida. This is indeed a very striking fact, as exemplified between two such men.

We can have no doubt but this fresh, pure man will easily distance the veteran office hack and stately octogenarian, General Dix, who has held all offices, and sold all parties, deserted every faith, and whose last intolerable utterance was, "I cannot support Horace Greeley, because he counseled the cowardly policy of non-resistance to the dissolution of the Union." To put up a record like this for Mr. Greeley, is to forge a vile slander. But how happens it that General Dix is now leading a ticket on which Mr. Lyman Tremaine figures as candidate for Congressman at Large? While the Tribune was insisting from its masthead on "no compromise with traitors," Mr. Tremaine was declaring against the war, after the war was begun. Even then Tremaine, in a published speech, used these words: "I say, let us part in peace, and peaceably dissolve this Confederacy." But the *Maverick* General Dix has no word of reproach for Mr. Tremaine! On the contrary, he runs on the same ticket with him, and of course will give him his virgin, pure, consistent, youthful, spotless vote! And in 1860 Mr. Dix himself was wiling for peace with dissolution of the Union.

Instead of this Dix Figurehead, which has been taken from one craft and put on another, let us bettered and weather-stained and off-

varnished front tells of every age and race and sect and clime and Corporation known among men of all creeds and parties and financial interests (especially winning parties and interests!)—in these days of Reform, we have a right to look for a Governor who is alive, vigorous, honest, able and straightforward—a creation of the people, not an old well-thumbed card in the office-holders' deck, which is "unsleeved" whenever the professional gamblers are hard run to take a Convention trick!

We are utterly disgusted with this Dix business. It is only five years ago that this same Dix was presiding over "Andy" Johnson and Thurlow Weed's Philadelphia Convention, too. Pah!

We predict for Messrs. Kernan and Depew an overwhelming success.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE MOUSE.

THIS article was written with pain, because it records the end of the Grant Alabama Fizzle. It is a pity! In the Retrospect of this "case," we remember all the Strutting, the Parade, the Pomp, the War-gas, the Fulminations of Congress and the Parliament, the advent of the Joint High Commission, the magnificent dinners of the diplomats, the keen arrangements, the shrewd contrivances, the horse-jockey boast of "how we had got the British Lion," the abuse of Andrew Johnson and of Reverdy Johnson because of the repudiated Johnson-Clarendon Treaty, the Machiavelian strategy between Grant and the Senate, as to which should be responsible for the humble pie, or as to whether it should be eaten "at all at all," the conjectures as to by whom, when and how the screaming and swooping Bird of Freedom should be represented before the mighty Arbitrators, the flat ultimatum that the honor of the nation must be satisfied at any rate, in "Consequential Damages," as compared with which Individual Interests were but as so many animalcules in all the drops which enter into the aggregate of all the oceans that ever darkly heaved in tropics or iced a pole!—then the furbishing forth of the Commissioners for Geneva, the re-writing their lives, the Parade, the Eulogy, the Complacent Self-assurance; all these, *Lioradio*, we remember "well," as we fondly ponder over the mackerel-dead skull of that "King's Jester," our *Yorick*, familiarly known as the Alabama Treaty, wherein Grant interpolated an august demand for Indirect Damages.

And now we have the result. It is the *status quo* of the Johnson-Clarendon Treaty. The Arbitrators have ignored all the claims for National Damages, and have confined their award strictly to compensation for private damages suffered by the mere destruction of ships and cargoes.

Alas! for the vaporizing in King Grant's Message about the "wholly inadequate character" of the Johnson-Clarendon Treaty "for the settlement of the GRAVE WRONGS that had been sustained by THIS GOVERNMENT, as well as by its citizens." Back we go to the abused and repudiated treaty of January 14th, 1869.

Henceforth, on this blashful topic, "let us have peace." From this time forth we will not aggravate the man *Lottom*, who played the *Lion* in this farce, and we will spare Grant and Company, who have so well assumed the rôles of *Moonshine* and that of the timid virgin *Thisbe*. We will no longer "twixt the green sea and azure vault set roaring war," nor will we shake any more "the strong-based promontory" of old Albion, nor "give fire to the dread rattling thunder." By no means. On the contrary—we'll "break our staff" meekly,

"Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
We'll drown" our Treaty!

"BARBARIANS."

IT is impossible to agree with the Archbishop of Canterbury (if he means it opprobriously) when he calls Hindoos and Japanese, etc., "Heathens." Within the past twenty years Japan has leaped out of Feudalism. Under the Mikado, it has its Railroads and Telegraphs, its War-ships, its Merchant Marine, its Dry-docks, its Light-houses, its Educational Institutions, and its funds for the support of students in foreign lands. In the Art of Government it has extorted from an enlightened traveler the verdict that none of the great cities of Europe or America can present a record so free from disorder and so clear of crime as can the capital of Japan.

Its Social Characteristics reflect its institutions. The Japanese are said to be prevailing in prosperity and uniform in intelligence. Towns are reported in which paupers are a curiosity. Streets and houses are said to be clean as those of Holland; and we are told of manners as courteous as those in France.

Such has been the surprising work in Japan within the last twenty years—an advance, Social, Political and Scientific, which has kept pace with modern Civilization. She has recently sent abroad some of her most promi-

nent and wisest Government officials in search of knowledge, to be used for the benefit of the people, and the head of her Government is now making preparations for a similar journey for a similar purpose. She invites our Agricultural experience and intelligence. A Connecticut gentleman has been engaged, with an efficient staff, to take charge of her System of Schools, and she is looking into our system of Internal Revenue, Municipal Law, and the like.

No. The gentlemen from Hindoostan and Burmah, who are now in London, reading Law and Medicine, and the Embassies on the Thames from Burmah and Japan, the Archbishop of Canterbury to the contrary, are not "Heathens" by any means, unless not to be a Christian is *ergo* to be a Heathen—which sort of logic would convict the one who uses it of being sadly in need of civilization himself. None goes beyond us in our respect for Christianity. But we do not, therefore, consider Jews and Japanese to be "Heathens" in the common sense of that word.

Many a mote has been in the Christian eye during the period of twenty years which has witnessed this marvelous, quiet advance of the Japanese! All France and Germany have been upset meantime. The second French Empire has lived and died. America has been deluged in the blood of brothers, and we have hardly emancipated ourselves from the curse of Slavery.

We commend the Archbishop to re-read the fifth chapter of Matthew, and what follows—commonly called Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

MORTON AT LOUISVILLE.

ONE of the notable features of the Louisville Straight-out Convention is the fact that Senator Morton remained during its session directly across the river at New Albany. Morton's pretext (which he declared in a speech) was, that he was in New Albany (about as nigh Louisville as Brooklyn is to New York) in pursuance of a regular campaign appointment made for him by the Indiana Committee! Even with such a thin veil as this does that Grant Orderly hope to hide his palpable agency in that Convention. Of course all men of sense see that Mr. Morton's excuse is the silly one of a green schoolboy. His "campaign appointment" was made with reference to the Convention evidently, as the time and place for holding that Convention had been designated and made public for two months immediately preceding the so-called "campaign appointment."

Of all our public men, Morton is earning the laurel for prime service in low campaign work. If Mr. Conkling can be likened to a strutting pigeon, Mr. Morton may, with equal justice, be said to resemble a very active and unscrupulous terrier.

THE FALL SEASON.

WE folks who have been quietly in town all the Summer feel intruded upon, just now! What business has lusting New York to be jamming her boxes on the sidewalks and to be overrunning pavements and streets, hotels and shops and stores, as she is now doing? We have had it all our way, for the space of ninety days. And we "rather liked it." The opening roar and din of the Fall Season disturbs our nerves!

What a crowd of strangers and drummers, and merchants and pleasure-seekers, commences to throng us! It is the beginning of the tidal wave, so soon to submerge all the paths of peace and pleasantness which we have enjoyed so hugely since the beginning of last June. No longer now can we maintain our ease in our Inn. We are jostled at table, jostled over our newspapers, jostled in the vestibule and corridor. No more can we cross Broadway in pompous leisure, dreading no vehicle up nor down. We must hop, skip and jump the crossings already.

The shows in the shop-windows begin to embarrass us. We are dinned about the "Fall and Winter Fashions." Jewelry, millinery, confectionery, silks, cloths, hats, and even overcoats and furs, precociously annoy us, who have recently so peaceably sauntered into idle stores wherein no man thought of business, and whose Summer inmates were amiable and social. Now, these same people are short, sharp and decisive, like the surly business men and women that they are. In fact, they rather turn a cold shoulder on us, as if indeed we (their old lazy friend!) had suddenly become a genteel loafer.

One can hardly drink his Seltzer or Congress water in peace (as he used to do!) at the corner Drug Store. The doctors have got back in swarms, and are sending in prescriptions at all hours. The cabman, who fawned on us all Summer long for a dollar fare, now turns up his nose at us, as if we were a beggar, and disdains to look at anything in his line that is not fifty per cent. advance.

And this is not the worst of it. Our male acquaintances are so "set up" by yachting, riding, driving, rowing, walking, Spa-ing and

luxuriating generally, that they "put on airs" when they find out that our Vichy has proceeded from the city manufacturer, that we have only sailed in ferry-boats and driven in hacks, cars and omnibuses during the heated term, that ours has been wholly a sponge-bath, and that we have only exercised in the Gymnasium. They look as if they despised us.

And of course our bewilderingly rejuvenated female friends cut us outright. As they have not "met us" anywhere, so we have "been nowhere," and therefore, we are "nobody." It will hardly do to assert a white lie, and pretend that we are just "over" from the Rhine, and yet we are sorely tempted into that line of defense. Perhaps, however, we may make some of this up, if we are only early, and flagrantly at the opera!

Those Winter birds, the actors, are fast nestling here. We have Mario and Patti and Kellogg, the Boucicaults and the great Lucca, already housed and on the bills. And the Churches are getting into full blast likewise. We are beginning to be snubbed, when we ask for a seat in a pew.

Alas! that we, Alexander Selkirk—of last June and August—must so speedily lose our identity and mix up, unnoticed and ungazed at, with this great world of business and fashion! But it is no matter. As Daniel Webster so bravely and grandiloquently has it, "the Past, at least, is secure."

THE NEGRO HEAD OF THE GRANT N. Y. ELECTORAL TICKET.—We find the following in the Troy Press, given as an extract from a speech delivered in 1856 by Mr. Frederick Douglass, now running on the Radical ticket as one of the Electors at Large in the State of New York:

"From this time forth I consecrate the labors of my life to the DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION; and I care not whether the bolt that rends it shall come from Heaven or from Hell."

Is this so? Is this extract correct? Can it be verified? If so, Fred. Douglass's name ought to come down, and must come down from the head of the Grant electoral ticket, or the ticket will have to go more than 50,000 under.

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NO. XXV.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK—SKIES BRIGHT.

THE "Political Outlook" involves more than mere figures to comprehend it. There are pregnant facts which underlie Public Sentiment which must control it, and whose agency will carry Mr. Greeley by a tremendous majority into the Presidential chair, unless the imperfect organization of the Liberals shall render them the victims of those stupendous efforts of Force and Fraud, which Grant's personal retainers are making, to an extent even undreamed of, hitherto, in our politics.

A few words, first, as to the figures. The figures, thus far, are all favorable to the Democratic Liberal Reform Party. The Initial Contest in North Carolina was fought by our Militia, under circumstances all unfavorable to the Popular Cause. Forced to contend against the organized Blacks, who were made furious by General Grant's incendiary appeals (from the lips of Mr. Boutwell) and contested against the people by almost all the Cabinet, who were in that field in person, as was also the combined force of the Administration leaders (with two or three exceptions), to which add the Negro Colonization from adjacent States, and even from the District of Columbia, such as the gangs of negro repeaters who were proven to have been sent into North Carolina by the steamer *Vanderbilt*, and still the People won five out of eight Congressmen, and the United States Senator. And no thoughtful man fails to see—no matter on which side of the political line he may be—that it is only Fraud and Trickery of the Tweed school that withhold the official figures in the case of the Governor. There can be no reasonable doubt but that the Liberals elected their Governor in North Carolina.

As to Vermont, that went by default. No Liberal expected to accomplish any telling result for our cause in that State, and yet Grant failed there to sustain his former majority.

In Maine the Liberals clearly demonstrate that it is within the easy reach of the Opposition to defeat Grant by persevering work. There are several plain tests by which to determine this to be the fact, as the result of the Maine election. First, the only fair comparison of votes obviously is based on the last Presidential election, that of 1868. It is only in such a contest as an excited national one that the whole ballot is in the field. No honest, capable thinker would make any comparison herein on any other basis. Now, this just comparison demonstrates a loss to the Grant ticket of about five thousand. And an analysis of the vote exhibits the only Grant gain in Maine to be where the Federal power centred, as in the Navy Yards, and the like. The Maine election proves beyond question that the Reformers hold the power in the Presidential contest.

We made the fight in Maine, as everybody knows, with no expectation of winning the State. The object was to test the force of the Liberals, when engaged with the mightiest power which Grant could bring into that field. And did he not bring power enough there to have swept a less stubborn and patriotic resistance fairly out of sight? He came into the fight backed by his majority of 1868, which exceeded twenty thousand, and he expended there all the force of his Administration. All that threats, money, oratory, fraud, official prestige and patronage could do to swell his vote, Grant did in Maine. He contested every inch of her ground for nearly two months. He retired with a loss which foots up over five thousand votes. Carry this calculation into the national result, and Mr. Greeley is elected by an overwhelming majority. Be it noted here that in 1868, when Maine was opposed by the Administration of

Andrew Johnson, it gave the Republican ticket a majority of twenty thousand—and that now, when aided by all the power of Grant, it can only be made to squeeze up a majority under sixteen thousand.

There is one fact, in this connection, which applies to all the elections which remain to be determined before the Presidential ballot, and that fact is a most important one, and it is this: In State elections Grant has the opportunity of hurling his mercenaries in solid column on a given State—as he has done in North Carolina and Maine, and as he will do in Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. In the Presidential election these tactics will be impossible, for the reason that all the States will vote on the same day, and so preclude such Federal concentration.

What I shall say about the result in New York is by no means wholly hypothetical. Much of it depends on past results, and the rest I glean from trustworthy sources; and its sum total is the conviction that Greeley will carry the State by a majority almost unparalleled. In New York the Copperhead element of the Democratic party is dead. In New York, Liberal Republicanism has its firmest, strongest fortifications, and is upheld by the ablest, most numerous, influential, and determined Republican leaders. We expect, in round numbers, a majority of four thousand in Albany County; to reduce the majority over half in Allegany, Cattaraugus, Chautauque, Cayuga, Columbia, Genesee, Jefferson, Livingston, Lewis, Monroe, Niagara, Oneida, Wayne, Wyoming, and Yates, and perhaps to carry some of these. Going on (alphabetically), besides Albany, we expect to carry Erie, Livingston, Montgomery, Orange, Otsego, Orleans, Putnam, Queens, Rensselaer, Richmond, Rockland, Schoharie, Sullivan, Schuyler, Seneca, Tompkins, Ulster, Warren, Westchester, Kings, and New York—and the two latter counties by at least sixty thousand majority. He who wishes to test this prediction will do well to refer, in the political almanacs, to past election returns, and to consider the weight that such men as Seiden and Alvord, and the like, bring to our cause.

The manly Address of the Chairman of the Democratic Liberal Committee assures us that no doubt remains of the fact that Hartranft is doomed in Pennsylvania. He asserts that he speaks what he knows, and he declares that he utters it with a full sense of the responsibility that devolves on his position. He dissipates the Grant-Cameron canard that Philadelphia is in Grant's hands, and he predicts a majority in that city for the Liberal ticket, which shall amaze both its friends and its foes. The Chairman sounds the alarm about Negro Importations. He specifies facts, such as the number of blacks, and the places, in the interior and on the borders, where these colored voters are already being imported into Pennsylvania. Thus forewarned, he expects to counteract that deliberate scheme of villainy, by which the blacks are demoralized on the instant when they are made voters—a reproach to all civilization!

From Indiana all is encouraging. That State is ablaze with excitement, such as has not been seen since 1840, until the shock of the war. The Grant orators and fugitives have tramped it through and through, and are still, as it were, plowing it up. Assemblies convene, numbering tens of thousands, and at the night-meetings, in the cities, illuminations and mounted men bearing torches are frequent. At a late Hendricks meeting in New Albany, a friend writes me, these horsemen numbered three thousand, and that the town blazed with the light of a magnificent illumination, while the people were abroad "by the acre." Here, also, a plot for Negro Colonization, from Kentucky, has been detected. There is no reasonable doubt entertained by the prominent Liberals of Indiana of the success of our ticket there—all depending, however, on such perfect organization as shall make each Liberal a Detective to hunt out and hunt down Grant's frauds at the polls and in the "Counting-out" Knavery.

What has been said of Indiana is equally true of Illinois, in which State there is such a revolution as has not been witnessed since 1840—though our friends there have a much larger majority than in Indiana to overcome.

Observe, now, that the force of Grant will be expended in the New England States (less New Hampshire and Connecticut); that the South is nearly a unit for Mr. Greeley; that the Southwest is certain for him, and that the great States of Indiana and Illinois—the former, especially—can hardly be considered as doubtful; that Pennsylvania is hardly uncertain, and that New York is undeniably with us, and we see, in cheerful outline, so to speak, the glad picture of a Reform triumph in November. To these strong, controlling facts and figures, I beg to add some subordinate, yet telling, indications.

The leading Republican Press is nearly divided as between Greeley and Grant. Have such great journals as the New York Tribune, the Chicago Tribune, the Springfield Republican, the Cincinnati Commercial, lost or gained subscribers by their change of base from Grantism to Democratic Republicanism? In every instance the testimony of these journals is that their subscriptions are on the increase. Here and there one set of men have fallen off from them, whose places have been more than supplied by such others as agree with the objects of Reform. As for example of this, the New York Times almost lives on the crumbs of this sort that fall from the bountifully-spread table of the Tribune. Again, take the case of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which is Republican in its politics (though not Grant), and the increase of its circulation is counted by tens of thousands since it espoused the noble cause of Reform, as I am assured by its owner and editor. Again, the Democratic Press of the country unanimously support the nomination of Greeley and Brown. Have their constituency fallen off from them, or upbraid them as derelict to their party obligations? On the contrary, the report of the Democratic Press is that of continued and increasing prosperity. This could not be so, unless they reflected the Public Sentiment, the convictions and hopes of the Democratic masses.

And now that Grant's attempt to buy up Bourbonism has concentrated and exploded with Blanton Duncan & Co., what does it amount to, and what has it taught us? It demonstrates that Bourbonism could find no respectable standard-bearer; that it does not represent one per cent. of the entire Democratic Party. "Duncan is in his grave," after a very "fitful life's fever!"

"While it lived, it lived in clover,
And when it died, it died all over."

Everybody is laughing at that Convention. And—I am sorry to say it—at Charles O'Connor. It was convened by Grant, through such circulars as the following, sent out by Grant's Washington Postmaster, and which is printed in this journal for the first time:

"WASHINGTON, D.C., July 30, 1872.

"DEAR SIR: Please send the enclosed circular to active Democrats in your district, who will co-operate

in the Louisville Convention. Send me a list of such men in each county immediately.

"J. M. EDMUNDS."

This was addressed to all the Postmasters in Internal Revenue offices. Also, the following, which was franked over the land by Senator Chandler:

"DEAR SIR: I am instructed by the Postmaster-General to say to you that any assistance you can give to the Louisville movement will be considered as done for the Administration, etc.

"J. W. CHANDLER, Chairman."

What has this Grant card, his last card, his trump card, resulted in? In nothing, but to demonstrate the solidity of the Democratic Republican Party! This Bourbon cry was got up on the alleged ground that Mr. Greeley does not represent the Democratic Idea. Nor does he represent the Democratic Idea of 1860, nor that of 1861, nor that of 1868—but clearly this Bourbon fizzle proves that Mr. Greeley does represent the Democratic Idea of 1872, which is the true Democratic Republicanism of the present day. In so far, then, this Bourbon Convention helps our cause, clears our march, adds another stream of light and strong conviction over our bright pathway. This Bourbonism of Blanton Duncan, Grant & Co. is now an echo to Wendell Phillips, who said, only one year ago, in his famous Swampscott speech: "Gentlemen, the Republican Party is dead. The only mistake is, that it fancies itself alive, and resists burial. It is a mill without a grist. The party has nothing to do, and proposes to do nothing. It has achieved all it was organized to achieve." Thus the extremes of Radicalism and Old Bourbonism meet in a common grave, Wendell Phillips and Blanton Duncan & Co. officiating, on either side, over the cherished remains; and both (true to the baffled and spiteful in human nature!) growling at Greeley and wagging the tail for Grant, in toothless and impotent rage.

Such, then, is the bright Outlook for the young Constitutional Party, which has advanced out of the experience—the rubbish and blood—of the past, radiant with fresh hope for a new-risen day. Thus far, all the facts, figures, and portents of the times, all the philosophy of the hour, point to its brilliant success in November. Its vital need is *Intelligent, Detailed Organization in New York, Indiana and Pennsylvania*, which is the battle-ground, the Waterloo of this grand struggle. And to supply this vital need is the business of the Committees, National and State.

A word about about CROAKERS. Dear Bull-frogs! be quiet! You live in stagnant pools; you hop about in narrow puddles; your harsh voices only become the dreary night-hours. If you will croak, hide yourselves in your native bogs and fogs and marshes, and croak only there. You are atrociously out of tune in our daylight.

And yet a word to such people as favor Democratic views, as love the Constitution, its State Rights, and Local Government as based on the existing Constitution, and yet who are sulking, and talking about "staying at home," while all the rest of the world are going abroad. Get out of your bad temper! Offer up your personal prejudices as Greeley has done, and as the Baltimore Convention did, on the common altar of our country. Join your brethren! Forward—march! Be assured there is a good time coming. Don't grumble any more; shake hands, and come on!

To the Democrat who has made up his mind to vote for General Grant—on the issues of this day—I can only say (if such man be under seventy years of age), sympathetically, Poor Deluded Brother, go at once for a six months' residence, at the public expense, in your State madhouse—and then try it again! JUNIUS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

EDWIN BOOTH has started on his Summer tour.

MRS. CHARLES MOULTON has returned from Europe.

FOSTER is coming back to act the "Grand Duchess."

"DIAMONDS" continue to sparkle at the Fifth Avenue.

HERR JOHANN STRAUSS has just completed a new opera.

ANNIE ADAMS, the vocalist, is singing acceptably at the Comique.

MRS. CHARLOTTE THOMPSON, in "One Wife," is playing at the Olympic.

The theatrical current in Brooklyn runs very sluggishly just now.

The matinees of the Fifth Avenue Theatre are very *recherché* affairs.

"AGNES," with Agnes Ethel, may be seen at the Union Square Theatre.

"CHOW-CHOW," a very fair article of burlesque, is at Wood's Museum.

MR. AND MRS. DION BOUCICAULT are playing at Booth's in "Arrah na Pogue."

"WALL STREET" is the title of a new drama written for F. S. Claiborne.

JEFFERSON'S eyes give him renewed trouble since he has recommenced playing.

The bewitching Lotta has thrown aside the banjo, and now strains the piano.

MME. CARLOTTA PATTI made a great sensation by her brilliant singing at Wiesbaden.

BARNUM'S CIRCUS will soon be "at home," under the big iron tent in Fourteenth Street.

THERE are no less than six minstrel troupes cracking jokes in New York city at the same time.

SEPTEMBER 23d, Anton Rubinstein makes his first appearance in New York at the Academy.

The Fifth Avenue plays this season are to be reproduced at the Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

SEPTEMBER 14th was Mrs. Macready's last night as *Shylock* at the Academy of Music, New York.

The Majitons cut up the most extraordinary capers at the levees of "King Carrot," at the Grand Opera House.

RUBINSTEIN'S opera "Feramors," produced in the opening of this year, will be given in Weimar this Autumn.

The three Strakosch Concerts, with Mario and Carlotta Patti, take place September 16th, 1872, with matinees on Saturday.

The opera season at Vienna was opened with "Faust." Miss Minnie Hauck took the part of *Marguerite*, filling it with brilliant success.

On Thursday evening last, Herr Rubinstein was entertained by the Philharmonic Society of New York. He and Jenny Lind are the only ones so honored.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

WILL GEORGE S. BOUTWELL tell what he knows about the Credit Mobilier bribe?

CARL SCHURZ is about entering upon an extended campaign in Pennsylvania.

Why don't Henry Wilson tell what he knows about the 2,000 shares of Credit Mobilier stock? Voters are anxious.

In New Hampshire the Liberals and Democrats have united upon a strong electoral ticket, and will carry the State easily.

HON. W. P. HARRIS, of Mississippi, abandons the party of oppression, and supports Greeley and Brown for reconstruction and peace.

GENERAL BANKS says Charles Sumner's nomination for Governor of Massachusetts will reduce Grant's majority in that State 50,000 votes.

The Liberal Republicans and Democrats have united upon a strong state ticket in Kansas. The Reform revolution is strong in that State.

A COALITION has been made in South Carolina between the "Moses Republicans," so-called, and the Democrats, which secures the State for Greeley and Brown.

GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN has been nominated at the head of the electoral ticket for Greeley and Brown, by the Liberal Republicans of New Jersey.

The poets and philosophers of America—Longfellow, Holmes, Whitier and Emerson—are for Greeley for President and Sumner for Governor of Massachusetts.

ALEXANDER T. STEWART, the merchant-prince of New York, was one of the Vice-Presidents of the recent Greeley and Brown ratification meeting in Tammany Hall.

CONGRESSMAN CHESTNUT, of South Carolina, writes that he is for Greeley and Brown as a means to prevent the continuance of the existing despotism another four years.

CHARLES A. DANA, editor of the New York Sun, presided at the Tammany Hall meeting recently, and was enthusiastically received, as a compliment for his earnest advocacy of the Liberal cause.

FOLLOWING the excellent example of Horace Greeley, Dr. Grant has consented to accompany his New Jersey Cabinet Minister (Robeson) to an agricultural fair at Waverley, in that State, on the 17th.

COLONEL A. K. MCCLURE, Chairman of the State Liberal Committee of Pennsylvania, says: "In Philadelphia we will make fraud hide in terror, and Grant's boasted majority of 12,000 in that city vanish."

The Liberal revolution is spreading through Ohio with rapidity and vitality. The Germans are almost a unit for Greeley and Reform. Carl Schurz spoke to an audience of 15,000 in Cincinnati, recently.

AFTER Governor Jewell discoursed on Grant's temperance virtues in Cooper Institute, a few nights since, he called down at the "Branch" to see the President, when there was "sweet intercourse of looks and smiles."

HON. R. M. T. HUNTER, ex-United States Senator of Virginia and ex-Secretary of State in the late Southern Confederacy, made an able appeal for peace and reconciliation at the monster Greeley ratification meeting in this city.

SENATOR TRUMBULL is stumping Illinois. The Republican majority over the Democrats in that State last year was 15,000. The Liberal Republicans number about 30,000, which will obliterate Grant's majority, and give the Reformers a handsome triumph.

CONGRESSMAN DOX, of Alabama, writes from Huntsville that that State will give a good account of herself in November; that "the people of the South will vote for Mr. Greeley, to enable them to rescue their plundered States from the clutches of Carpetbag robbers."

It is hard for Grant to tell the whole truth all at once. He boasts that a Greeley man was recently defeated for Governor of West Virginia. But he don't say that two Greeley men were candidates, and that one was defeated and the other elected, which was the fact.

HON. JOHN B. BALDWIN, a distinguished citizen of Old Virginia, in a letter explaining his inability to attend the recent Liberal demonstration in this city, says, among other things: "We are glad to hail Horace Greeley as a friend, and proud to recognize him as a statesman."

HON. M. C. KERR, candidate for Congressman at Large in Indiana, writes to a friend in this city, under date of September 10th: "Prospects in Indiana are improving daily. Our people are hopeful, and most of them are confident of victory. The traffickers in Government spoils are working with desperate energy."

THE Blanton Duncan Louisville Convention arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Grant Headquarters, one day last week, where they consulted Secretary Chandler, of the Grant National Committee, and then took a cab and rode down town to see Charles O'Connor, who told them, for the second time, that he would not be their candidate.

HON. JOHN W. STEVENSON, U. S. Senator of Kentucky, addressed a letter of regret to the Committee of Arrangements of the recent Liberal demonstration that he could not be present. He says: "The overwhelming majority which Kentucky will roll up for Greeley and Brown on the 15th of November next will fully vouchsafe her stern reprobation of the efforts of the dominant party now being made to prevent a restoration of unity and concord between the people of all sections of the country."

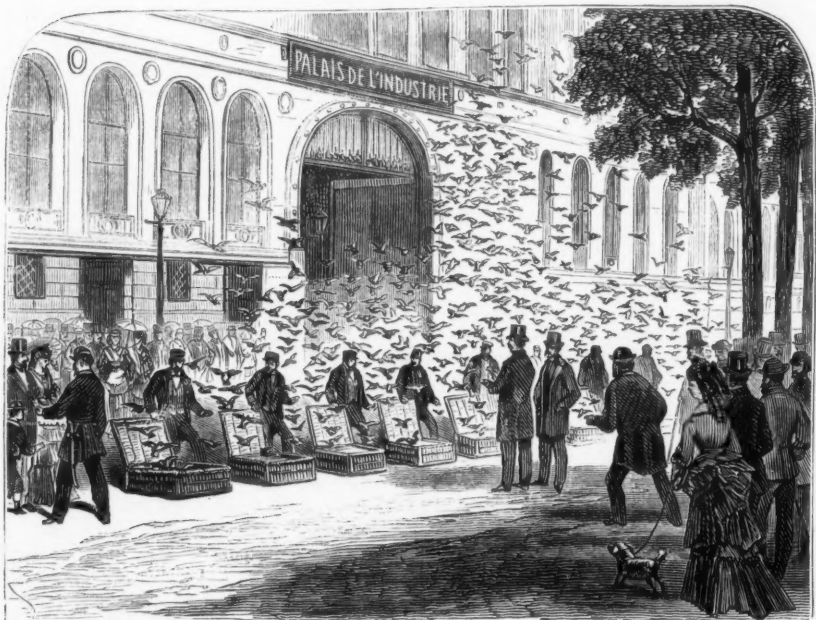
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, of Massachusetts, wrote a letter in November, 1871, favoring the endorsement of a Liberal Republican nominee by the Democrats, in which he said: "I regard the present Administration as a national calamity, a continuance of which should be averted at almost any sacrifice." "because it is mean in character, sordid in tone, ignorant, corrupt and arbitrary." Now, since this same young gentleman's father was not the nominee of the Liberal movement at Cincinnati, he refuses to support the ticket, and submissively leaves the country in the hands of an Administration which he justly characterizes above, adding that "Grant can conceive of no means of free government but military force, and no motive of public action but private profit."

GOVERNOR CURTIN has consented to run as the Liberal Republican and Democratic candidate for Delegate from the State at Large to the Constitutional Convention to be held in Pennsylvania in 1873. This act defines and settles, definitely, the course of Governor Curtin in the pending national issue, about which FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER spoke authoritatively when the Governor first arrived in the country from Europe. Governor Curtin had full knowledge of the corrupt collusion between Grant and Cameron for the control of the State Government of Pennsylvania, months before he left Russia, and as early as last April notified the State Department of his intention to resign. Governor Curtin in Europe never disguised his opposition to Grant's re-election.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



ENGLAND.—THE PRINCE'S LANDING-STAGE FOR SEA-GOING STEAMERS AT LIVERPOOL.



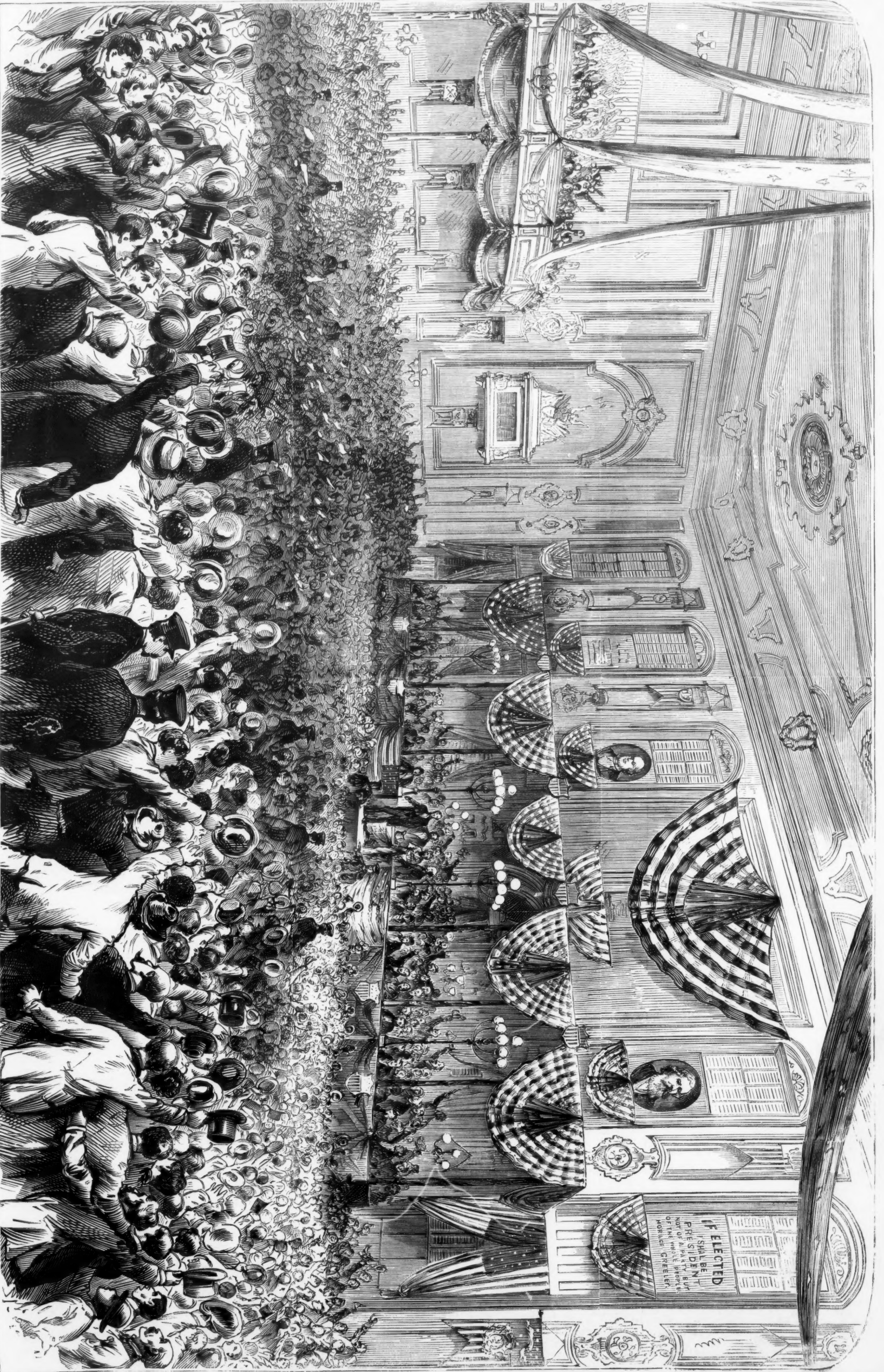
FRANCE.—FLIGHT OF CARRIER-PIGEONS FROM THE INDUSTRIAL PALACE, PARIS.



IRELAND.—WORKINGMEN APPEARING BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES DURING THE RIOTS.



ENGLAND.—A LADIES' ARCHERY MEETING.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE MONSTER RAFFIQUATION MEETINGS OF THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC PARTIES ON SEPTEMBER 12TH, 1872.—INTERIOR OF TAMMANY HALL AT THE MOMENT OF THE INTRODUCTION OF THE HON. FRANCIS KERNAN.—See Page 43.

CAMPAIGN SONG. VOTING FOR GREELEY.

BY
FREDK. OLIVER.

AIR—"Marching Through Georgia."

WHAT means this great uprising everywhere
throughout the land?
Why are men that once were foemen gathering,
greeting, hand to hand?
Corruption must confounded be, when Worth will
make a stand,
And rally round its champion—Greeley.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! for Greeley and for Brown,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Corruption must lie down,
While peace, and love, and harmony the great
Republic crown,
As we are voting for Greeley.

The fields are strewn with flowers now, that once
were stained with gore;
All Nature smiles, and seems to say that strife
shall be no more;
Let tears and groans forgotten be, and love obtain
as yore,
For peace has got its champion—Greeley.

Hurrah! hurrah! for Greeley, etc.

The women they have spoken, and the men have said
it, too,
That Horace, the great-hearted, is the man to pull
us through
The clouds of doubt and discord, and the chords of
love renew.

Throughout the land our champion is—Greeley.

Hurrah! hurrah! for Greeley, etc.

ANNO DOMINI 1870.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MICHEL REGAUD.

CHAPTER I.—PEACE.

“WHAT EVER can it mean—Michel?”
“I am really unable to say—my little sister.”

Such was the answer returned to Mlle. Ernestine Regaud by her brother; although, to tell the truth, she was by no means so diminutive a specimen of girlhood as the prefix given her qualifying relationship would seem to imply. Michel had used the word rather as a term of endearment than descriptively. Ernestine was, although merely in her eighteenth year, if not a very large—certainly a full-grown girl. Her ripely red lips, the delicate oval of her countenance, her lustrously dazzling black eyes, and the profusion of her chestnut tresses, with her lithely supple waist and graceful figure might not unjustly give her a claim to a large promise of beauty. Be this as it may, such promise as there was, becomes now absolutely bewitching, as a sly glance flashed from her eyes, and she said in response to her brother:

“You are wrong—monsieur, my brother!”

“How so—Ernestine?”

“Some timid Blanche or devoted Julie has written to you.”

At first he frowned. Michel Regaud had sacrificed his heart to his principle years since, on behalf of his baby-sister, when by the untimely death of both his parents—his mother shortly after his father, a secretary in the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, had been slain in a duel—he, then a man, had been left her only protector. Then he laughed. Tossing the sheet of note-paper which he had been occupied in turning over and over upon the table, at which they were both sitting, toward her, he retorted:

“Look at the handwriting—Ernestine.”

There were only a few words scrawled upon it. No mistake could be made as to the gender of the writer. French male handwriting is ordinarily cramped and delicate enough. But the few words traced on the page she now looked at were written in a bold and vigorous style, which defied misapprehension as regarded the sex of him from whom it came. They were simple enough. Yet their character—when coupled with their broad, coarse lines—was imperative. These were the words:

“Come! To-night! NINE O’CLOCK!”

The signature affixed was simply one large cross, followed by two smaller ones.

“And you do not know—Michel! who has written it?”

“Little sister—I have not said so.”

“Who did—then?”

Michel Regaud shrugged his shoulders. He had, unlike most of his countrymen of the period—some three months before the Prussian war—and the present, some remnant of the old French politeness. It was impossible for him to say to a woman, even his sister:

“I will not tell you.”

And so he merely shrugged his shoulders with a certain petulance, which Ernestine understood, apparently. At all events, after the lapse of a moment, she observed:

“It does not say where you are expected.”

He replied to this:

“I know.”

“Then,” she said, with a child-like gesture of willful annoyance, which sat charmingly on her face and figure, “you do not mean to take me to the Odeon?”

“Not to-night—little sister! I have to go—”

“Where—Michel?”

This time he again answered her, but in a grave and constrained manner:

“That is not my secret—Ernestine! It belongs to many.”

“How can it be a secret—then?” she retorted, triumphantly. “Two or three may have a secret. Many cannot.”

“Gili!” he said, impatiently, “there are some secrets which, if prattled of, send men to Cayenne or the galleys.”

The face of his sister whitened, and her eyes

caught up in themselves a scared and startled expression. Cayenne or the galleys! Words of ill-omen! What wonder was there that she should feel them tingling terribly through her ears upon her brain?

“What are you saying—Michel?” she faltered out.

“Jesting badly—little sister!” he responded, seeing the mistake he had made, and trying to cover up the print of his verbal footsteps.

“Let it pass.”

“And it was only a jest?”

“Of course!”

“A very cruel one!” she murmured.

“If so—my child! I will pay for it. To-morrow evening, for three hours I will make you a great lady. You shall go to the Grand Opera.”

The girl’s eyes brightened as if by magic. She was passionately fond of music. But her brother’s limited salary—he was employed in a rifle manufactory, where he was foreman of one department—debarred her from a frequent enjoyment, such as this, which he promised her. All the fears which his words had awakened were forgotten.

“You good old Michel! Will you take me, there in the boxes?”

“Not if you call me old—little sister!” Nor, indeed, was he old. Scarcely more than thirty-six years of age. “And now let us have our bouilli and our coffee.”

She spread the table with deft hands and a blithe heart. The momentary cloud had blown over. Then the brother and sister sat down to their evening meal in a third story in the Quartier Latin. It was a neatly—nay! a well-furnished suite of four rooms. M. Michel Regaud was a man of crowning good habits and a large degree of taste. He had made the money he earned go a long way, both in the education of his sister and in procuring her comfort, as well, possibly, as procuring it for himself. Dear as life in Paris has grown, in the last fifteen years, it has grown so principally for those who do not choose, as the old English proverb says, to cut their coat according to their cloth.

At length, with many a pleasant word on his part, and many a merry laugh on hers, the meal came to an end.

“Now, you will treat me to a *petit verre*, little sister.”

“If you promise me a new pair of gloves for the opera to-morrow.”

“You will ruin me,” he replied, laughingly.

Then they plunged into a discussion of Mlle. Ernestine’s toilet. This was, to the girl, a very momentous affair. To what *Parisienne*—to what daughter of Eve, be she a millionaire or a shopkeeper, is it not? And, truly, in most cases, to the last it is a matter of more moment. The *modiste* and the lady’s maid and a long purse arrange it for the first. The last has to settle it, in nine cases out of ten, with her own fingers, her own brain, and a few francs which her father, husband, or brother can spare her.

This debate, however, wore the time away, until it was half-past eight.

Taking his hat and his meerschaum pipe—which he filled and lit; he never smoked in his own rooms—M. Michel Regaud prepared to keep the appointment, or, rather, to obey the summons which had been so peremptorily made him.

“Do not sit up for me—little sister,” he said, “as I may be late.”

“Only—Michel, till I have sorted out my finery and arranged all the things we have settled on.”

The brother was gone, and the girl was engaged upon this employment, with true feminine zest, for more than twenty minutes, when she heard a footstep mounting the staircase between her own and the lower floor. She knew its sound. It was the tread of the charwoman she employed some three times a week to do the cleaning, which her brother insisted upon her having some assistance in.

“What can bring Mother Nicole here at such a time?” she murmured, wonderingly, as she heard her step at the door.

The bell was rung.

It seemed impatiently. However, Ernestine had opened it, before the last tinkle had died away.

“Oh—ma’mse!le!” began the woman—who, as far as the lamp, which the girl carried in her hand, permitted her countenance to be seen, was by no means either of a pleasing or a saintly cast of countenance—“such a terrible misfortune as this.”

“What is it—Mother Nicole?” demanded Ernestine Regaud.

“Your poor brother—ma’mse!le!”

“Michel! What of him?”

The words were literally gasped out. The forgotten ideas of Cayenne and the Galleys rushed back upon her. Without stopping to reason as regarded probability or possibility, she laid her hand upon the sill of the door and leant forward, gazing suffering and eagerly into the forbidding face of the woman.

“He has been knocked down and run over by a *fiacre*—ma’mse!le! and they have carried him into Mosieu Fleury’s—the druggist—he can’t say a word—and I happened to be passing, and—”

With a wonderful readiness and coolness of spirit, considering her age, the girl had shut down the agony she felt, under a fiercely glib, sob, and turned from the woman, who still stood on the now darkened doorway.

None might now see the evil in her cunning eyes or written on her malevolent lips.

Scarcely a minute, as it seemed or was, had, however, elapsed, when Ernestine Regaud reappeared, clad in a shawl and hat. Closing the door, she said:

“Take me to him—mother!”

Without another word, she began to descend the staircase, so hurriedly, in spite of the scanty way in which it was lighted, that Mother Nicole found great difficulty in keeping at her heels.

The apartment of M. Michel Regaud was left in complete silence.

It was almost eleven o’clock when a man’s heavier footstep ascended the stairs. He seemed wearied, and yet in a happy mood. The Republican organization which he had just left had received important intelligence, which it had been discussing. The prospect of releasing France from the crushing weight of the Second Empire appeared nearer. His voice was humming snatches from the *Marseillaise*.

As he reached the landing in front of the apartment he was returning to, he saw a figure crouching before it. It rose to its feet. By the dim light of the oil-lamp of the staircase, he saw it was Mother Nicole.

“What are you doing here at this late hour—Mother Nicole?”

“Hush!—mosieu! I have something to tell you.”

His key was now in the door. But he paused and turned.

“Well, speak it out—then!”

“Not here—mosieu!”

“Why?”

“Some one else may hear.”

Turning the key, he pushed the door open and went in, followed by the woman. The lamps were still burning, and the finery and few trinkets he had given Ernestine were strewn over the table and the lounge.

“Not gone to bed yet—little sister! Fie upon you. Where are you?”

As he called out thus, he felt the skinny hand of Mother Nicole upon his arm.

“Don’t call her—mosieu! She won’t come.”

“Why will she not?”

“She won’t hear you!”

“Not hear me! I’ll make Ernestine hear me.”

He was about raising his voice, when that skinny claw clinched tighter on his arm.

“She can’t—Mosieu Michel! She is gone!”

“Gone!”

“Yes—mosieu! That is why I waited till you came home.”

M. Michel Regaud having the same self-containing power his sister had, with the increased advantage of manhood and age, did not even exhibit the same symptoms of emotion which she had done. His cheek merely whitened somewhat, making the dark hue of his mustache still blacker. Looking fixedly at the woman, he said:

“Tell me about it.”

“I was coming up here—Mosieu Michel!” she whined, “to speak with Ma’mse!le Ernestine.”

“On what?”

“She had promised me an old gown.”

“Well! Go on.”

“When I met her on the stairs with a young gentleman, whom I had once before met her with.”

“Why don’t you proceed?” demanded Michel Regaud, as Mother Nicole pause—knitting his brows, sternly.

“I asked her, as she was leaving the house, when she would be back? Ma’mse!le said,” moaned out the woman, “‘Perhaps, never;’ and when I put her in mind of the old dress I had come for she laughed out, and told me she had left plenty of old dresses behind her, which you would be very welcome to give me, if you chose.”

As she again paused, seemingly in doubt or apprehension as to what M. Michel might say or do, that individual remarked, quite calmly:

“You have told me enough—Mother Nicole! I will think about the old dresses. Good-night.”

Opening the door, he motioned her to leave the apartments. When she had done so, he filled his pipe, lit it, and sat down to think, muttering to himself:

“As little sister is not here now, I suppose I may smoke.” As he did so, he thought: “This is a lie of Mother Nicole’s from beginning to end, save that there is a gentleman in the case. What a pity it is that thumb-screws are not in fashion, and I have not the cash to procure their use! Eh! but I’d have the truth twisted out of her. As they are not, I must get some one to keep a sharp eye upon her. The police! What is the use of police to a man who has no money? The porter, of course, never knows anything. Well! well! I must look after her—myself. And, if I only catch the scoundrel who has found means to carry my little sister off, why, may the devil help him! That’s all.”

During this night, it must be owned that M. Michel Regaud did not sleep.

CHAPTER II.—WAR.

IT was some four months later, and after one of the bloody battles in which the Prussian King—played by Bismarck—had whipped the French, that Michel Regaud, a volunteer in defense of a Government he did not care for, torn, dirty and begrimed with dust and smoke, was bending over a stricken officer in the same regiment to which he was attached.

Like a sleuth-hound who had not found the scent, he had hunted for his sister.

His search was in vain.

No chance had been afforded him to find the slightest clue which might lead him upon her trail.

He had not, however, given up the quest, when Louis Napoleon was thrust by France upon the war with Prussia. The French appetite for military glory—in his temporary desolation, from the loss of Ernestine, and his despair of recovering her—had induced him to enter the army. He had done so in the regiment in which Captain Edouard Juignet was serving. He had known the captain previously. Juignet had been the man whose handwriting had summoned him on the night when he had lost his sister.

Though members of a Revolutionary club, each of them, when France had called, had forgotten his liberal prejudices in his patriotism, and had obeyed—Juignet, in his position

as a military man, and Regaud as a citizen—the call of their country.

And, this was all it had come to.

The French Emperor and his generals had been well whipped twice, and here they were well whipped once more.

Night was already falling upon the battlefield—a dim, dense and starless night, still thickened and obscured with the smoke, dust and gloom of the day’s strife. Scarcely an hour since, Michel, who had been stricken down, stunned by the back-handed blow of a Prussian sabre, and had gradually recovered his consciousness, had, on sitting up, on the then comparatively silent plain, and recovering his senses, heard a groan near him.

He knew it was a French groan.

No German ever groaned like that.

So he had sought out the sufferer, and found that it was the Captain Edouard Juignet. He had been pierced by the lance-thrust of a Prussian Uhlan. These Uhlans were devils, after a flying enemy, and to tell the truth, Regaud and his regiment had been running at the time—officers and all. The Uhlan lance had passed through the right ribs of Captain Edouard Juignet. Had it entered him in the same region on his left side, he would have been dead. As it was, he was only dying. Michel Regaud, however, did not know this. He had raised the head of the wounded man, propping it against the legs of a dead Bavarian who had fallen on the same day, and had refreshed the parched lips of his officer with a drop of brandy from his own canteen.

“Who are you—my friend?” asked the wounded man.

“Do you not know me—my captain?” asked Michel.

“No!”

“It is I—Michel Regaud.”

“God be thanked!” exclaimed the officer, with sudden energy. “Give me another drop of cognac.”

Regaud obeyed him, although, it may be owned, with some regret, for he knew that the brandy in his canteen was running low.

“Do you feel any better now—my captain?” he asked.

“Enough to speak—Michel.”

The man listened. But he heard no further words—only a vague muttering.

“You were going to speak to me, my captain—were you not?”

“Yes; but it is getting cold.”

“The night-air is certainly chilly.”

“This is something more,” said the officer, with a shiver.

It was almost as if he had felt the wings of the Death-angel fanning his countenance with their chilly sweep.

“You were about to tell me something?”

“I was. I met a girl—it was some six months since—in the Quartier Latin. She was a bright and black-eyed child, and I—well—I supposed I loved her.”

“She was my sister,” said Michel Regaud, between his teeth. Then he spoke out clearly, in a ringing tone of voice:

“Ernestine Regaud?”

“Yes!”

“Continue,” cried Michel, in the same ringing tone.

“I carried her off.”

“On the night you summoned me to a meeting of the Brothers of the Commune?”

“It was,” murmured the wounded man.

“Good!” said Michel; “who managed it for you?”

“An old woman!”

“Mother Nicole?”

“The same.”

“All right. What lie did she tell my little sister?”

“That you had been run over, and were senseless, or something of that sort.”

“And then—”

“The girl left the house with her.”

“Who carried her off?”

“Charles Nodier.”

“Eh! He was a friend of mine.”

“I believe he was,” said Juignet, wearily.

“But he is dead.”

“Where is she now?”

“Tell her that I entreat her to forgive me.”

“Answer!”

“To what?”

“Where is she now?”

“Ah! where?” murmured Juignet.

“Speak louder.”

“I do not know—Michel.”

“How?”

“I had her taken from Paris to my chateau, some four miles beyond Versailles. A week before our regiment was placed under marching orders, Ernestine had disappeared.”

“Listen to me—my captain!” exclaimed Michel Regaud. His speech was very sharp but calm. “It really appears to me that you have acted like a thorough villain.”

“I feel it now.”

“I was your trusted friend and your associate. My little sister was a child as pure and clean as the snow-drop that trusts its head up to the sunshine from Winter’s frost. You wronged us both.”

“Forgive me, Michel!”

“Why should I?”

“I am dying.”

“You say the truth,” responded Regaud, with bitterly deliberate emphasis—“the honest truth.”

As he uttered the last words, a thrust from his bayonet, made, in spite of the darkness, with great precision, through the heart of Captain Edouard Juignet, stifled that gallant gentleman’s somewhat nigardly confession, and ended his remarkably tardy penitence for ever.

At the end of the same year, when Louis Napoleon was a prisoner in the hands of the Prussians, and the Prussian *cordon* was tightening around Paris, M. Michel Regaud found himself in that city, still in uniform and fighting for the Republic.

He had fair hopes of the Commune at last,

Not having been able to find his sister, because, in truth, he had no time to look for her, and being occupied with risking his own life and shedding other blood in the defense of his country, on a very meagre diet, naturally enough his patriotism had expanded. It is possible that it might have blossomed as fairly as it now did had he been under arms outside of Paris. But starvation and a circle of cannon, with helmeted soldiers ready to cut down any straggler outside of the fortifications, greatly condense the love of liberty and country. So, Michel Regaud bellowed, "Vive la République!" and chanted the "Marseillaise" with a gusto which would have delighted the president of his old club—the Captain Edouard Juignet—enormously, had he been living.

However, he was not.

Occasionally it may be doubted whether M. Regaud did not in some fashion fairly regret the termination which he had made for that worthy gentleman's career. Weeks wear out love and sorrow. Half-rations lower them. Quarter-rations bring them very sensibly down. At the same time they reduce personal hatred. So it was that he, perhaps, questioned at odd times whether he had done the right thing in finishing him—this, the more especially, when he reflected that he had perhaps merely hastened his exit from this world by some forty or fifty minutes.

But an examination of the details of his mental elevation or degradation consequent upon his tightening the girth of his pantalons is of little consequence to the reader.

He asks for facts only. So, facts he shall have.

One morning General Trochu, worried out by the complaints made on all sides of his inaction, made a sally. Some forty thousand troops were employed to amuse the rest of Paris by running their heads against the Prussian lines. After doing so, they delighted Paris less by running with their legs and empty cartridge-boxes back to that city.

Some eight thousand dead, wounded or prisoners were left behind them.

It so happened that M. Michel Regaud was left among these, with his left arm shattered by a Prussian ball and a very neat sabre-cut on the right shoulder.

Other men die with less blood-letting than this.

Regaud, however, had a tough constitution.

On the following day he was picked up by a healthy-looking Prussian medical man, who was pleased to compliment him upon his immense amount of vitality; and very fortunate for him was it that he did so. A stalwart but slow Bavarian was at that very moment meditating upon the propriety of putting him entirely out of his misery.

Of neither the menace nor the compliment was Michel Regaud, however, conscious. His sixteen hours' exposure to the cold air, while wasting slowly away by loss of blood and the terrible nature of one of his wounds, had rendered him light-headed.

When he again recovered consciousness, it was to find himself stretched upon a hospital-bed in Versailles, minus his left arm, and so weak that he was unable even to turn his head upon his pillow.

As his eyes almost unconsciously wandered from left to right, a faint sound—not of astonishment, for he was too feeble for astonishment—escaped his lips.

Before him he saw Ernestine Regaud, dressed in the fashion of an assistant Sister of Charity.

He saw the tears fill her dark eyes and her cheeks flush as she heard the sound. She would have sprung toward him but for a restraining hand which faintly fell upon her shoulder; it belonged to a fair, tall and vigorous Prussian—the same surgeon to whose sense of his vigorous vitality he had been indebted for his preservation.

"Not so fast—my child!" cried the doctor. "He has a long road yet to travel before he recovers. You must not agitate him."

"But he will recover—Herr Geibel! You said he would."

"I believe so." Then he led her to the bedside, and as she sunk upon her knees beside it, he addressed the sick man. Michel Regaud understood what he had been saying and what he said now, for he spoke excellent French, although with a strong German accent. "Can you understand me—my poor fellow? I see you can. Then listen. You must not attempt to talk with your sister Ernestine! You are still close upon death. God allowed me to find you. In another moment the butt-end of a musket would have smashed in your brain and settled you. The same God enabled your sister to be of use to me, and consequently you find her here. Do not be a fool and play with his mercy."

As the surgeon ended speaking, the eyes of the wounded man closed, and his regular although feeble breathing showed that he had sunk into a refreshing sleep.

"Herr Geibel!" exclaimed the girl, in a low voice. "How much do I—do we owe you for your great goodness?"

The blue eyes of the Prussian fell lovingly upon her.

"Yes! Ernestine—you do," he answered, simply. "And when this war ends, as, heaven be praised, it will shortly, I shall claim my reward."

A deep and scarlet flush suffused the cheeks and brow of the girl, as her darkly grateful eyes fell under the honest and true glance of the German doctor. But the happy curve of her lips did not alone speak of the joy she now felt in the assurance of her brother's recovery.

SOCIALLY, the coming season at Washington will be very gay and brilliant. The Marquis de Noailles, French Minister, and Baron d'Offenberg, Russian Ambassador, have both announced their intention of entertaining, and the *beau monde* anticipate events of great elegance and grandeur at the respective legations.

THE GUBERNATORIAL NOMINATIONS.

THE Liberal Republican and Democratic Conventions, which assembled in Syracuse, N. Y., recently, after an earnest and harmonious canvass of the issues at stake in the present campaign, united on a gubernatorial ticket of remarkable popularity and strength. The names of Francis Kernan, Chauncey M. Depew, and S. S. Cox, are too well known throughout the whole country to require special biographical notice. Yet, considering the career of the White House candidate for Governor, the many services of Mr. Kernan form the subject of an interesting study.

THE HON. FRANCIS KERNAN

Is a native of Steuben County, N. Y., and is in the full vigor of a useful life, being about fifty years of age. His father was a Democrat of the Jackson school, and took advantage of every opportunity to educate his son in the political sentiments of that memorable period. In 1840 he entered the law office of the late Joshua A. Spencer, at Utica, and on being admitted to the bar, he became Mr. Spencer's partner, and gained a large practice in that capacity. The firm enjoyed the highest legal reputation throughout Central New York, practicing in four judicial districts. He became a member of the Public School Board of Utica shortly after settling in that city, and remained such for twenty years. In 1861 his popularity was so extensive that he was elected to the Assembly from Oneida, and in the following year he ran as a Democrat for Congress against Roscoe Conkling, the Jack-of-all-trades of the White House. In the year 1860, Conkling was elected by a majority of 3,563, but Mr. Kernan won the following race by 98. He was also a delegate at large to the Constitutional Convention of '67-8, and has seen hard service on the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Kernan was appointed by Governor Morgan on the committee for raising volunteers in his Congressional District during the war, and was active in the discharge of that duty. In Congress, he was a War Democrat, voted for all war measures, and was frequently consulted by President Lincoln in regard to the great struggle for saving the Union. Mr. Kernan's father and his father-in-law were Catholics, and it is well known that he was brought up in and professes that faith. While serving as an active member of the School Board of Utica, and taking great interest in the cause of education, he discouraged the setting up of separate schools for Catholics, and illustrated his precept by his example in always sending his own children, five or six in number, to the common schools of Utica.

It is well known that large numbers of petitions were sent to the Constitutional Convention, asking for a provision in the new Constitution forbidding the Legislature to make appropriations to "sectarian institutions." In September, 1867, this subject came up on the report of a committee, and gave rise to a long debate. Mr. Kernan made an elaborate speech, in which he maintained that the theory of our government was opposed to discrimination in sectarian appropriations, and urged that all denominational stipends from the State Treasury be cut off, thus placing the success of schools and charitable institutions of a sectarian character upon the support of each religious sect.

It has been very aptly and justly said of him by a leading contemporary:

"The Republicans who are raising the hue and cry against him on sectarian grounds, forget that the Republican Legislature last Winter refused to pass a law against sectarian appropriations; and that Republican Legislature, the most corrupt Legislature this unfortunate Commonwealth was ever afflicted with, could not be induced to expel Mr. Tweed—for the most tangible and numerous reasons. Better, a thousand times better elect a conscientious Democrat who is a Catholic, than a corrupt Republican who is destitute of religion and a disgrace to the sect he belongs to. It is the glory of this Reform movement that it dares to know no difference of race, color, or religion, so long as a man is able, patriotic, and true. And such a man is Francis Kernan."

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,

The Liberal Republican and Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, is a native of the County of Westchester, and is now in his thirty-ninth year. Mr. Depew is descended from Huguenot ancestry, and the stern stock has in no wise deteriorated. After dwelling in Holland a few years, the family emigrated to Peekskill, where the branch from which Chauncey descended has ever since resided.

Mr. Depew's father, like his forefathers, was a staunch member of the Dutch Reformed Church, and in politics he was a determined Hardshell Democrat. Young Chauncey graduated from Yale College in 1856 with high honors, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and is a prominent member of the Old School Presbyterian Church of Peekskill.

In 1861 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and re-elected in the following year, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. In 1863 he was elected Secretary of State by about 30,000 majority. In 1866, through the influence of Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, he was appointed Minister to Japan, but declined the appointment.

The *Golden Age* thus sums up the standing career of Mr. Depew:

"Chauncey M. Depew, the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, is a well-known lawyer, an eloquent public speaker, and an experienced man of affairs. His political antecedents are Republican, and while an active and honored leader of that party, his record was considered spotless and his character above reproach. Any imputations cast upon him now by his for-

mer associates is a stigma upon the Grant Party, which brought every possible means and available influence to bear to retain him in its ranks. He is enthusiastically committed to the Liberal cause, and will render it a powerful and effective support in the campaign."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Prince's Landing-Stage at Liverpool.

There are at present two great landing-stages at Liverpool, one the George's, for ferry steamers; the other the Prince's, for sea-going steamers; the first is 500 feet wide and 80 feet long, and the second 1,000 feet long. They are supported on pontoons, placed at right angles with the current, and are connected with the piers by bridges, which work on swivel hinges, and allow the stages to rise and fall with the tide. These stages form excellent public promenades. They are now some distance apart, but will be united at the point where the whole of the immense ferry traffic centres, and by this means, together with a much freer approach to the river than now exists, a healthful and breezy promenade of 2,000 feet and upward will be opened to the public. These landing-stages form capital points of observation as to the life and ways of Liverpool. Each morning and evening the ferry steamers arrive and depart, laden with passengers, who prefer to live amidst the fresh air of the Cheshire side to the smoke and grime of the town. Throughout the day the landing-stages, small and great, are the resort of promenaders, idlers, health-seekers; in fact, almost every class in the community, including the light-fingered gentry, being fully represented. Each landing-stage on the Liverpool side is under the charge of a "master," the master of the Prince's being no less a person than an ex-parliamentary candidate for the borough. The Prince's Landing-stage is seen to most advantage on the departure or arrival of great steamers like those we have depicted. The variety of nationalities which are for the moment huddled together, the concentration of strong emotions of hope and fear in some, and the recklessness and indifference of others, together with the eccentricities of costume, form a tableau which, once seen, will always be remembered.

Launch of Carrier-Pigeons.

On the 11th of August there was a grand exposition of carrier-pigeons at the *Palais de l'Industrie*, Paris, which met with the utmost success. Four hundred and seventy-five Belgian pigeons were launched from the sidewalk in front of the palace. There was also a pigeon-race, in which the birds acquitted themselves well, and showed the almost perfect training to which they had been subjected. The birds can be taught to fly to any given point, and return, and also return after being taken away blindfolded from a certain point. The pigeon is also capable of being taught a number of interesting tricks. They are trained in the Spring, on grounds regularly set apart for the purpose. The trainers, with their pigeons on the outer edge, make the circuit of the training-ground, by the end of the season, stopping every eight days, after going about two miles. At every stopping-place a camp is formed, and the pigeons are let fly toward a conspicuous object in the centre, several times a day. By the time they have made the circuit they have become accustomed to fly in the direction their master wishes them to follow, and the training season is over. The Belgians are the first nation in the world in respect to the raising, training, breeding and education of pigeons. There are no less than one million of these birds in that country. The people are passionately fond of this branch of industry, and cultivate it assiduously. These pigeons show, courses, races, etc., occur without number. The pigeons used in the Paris exhibition were nearly all Belgian.

The Belfast Riots.

The savage and bloodthirsty conflicts between the Orange and Roman Catholic faction-mobs in the town of Belfast, commenced on Thursday, August 15th, and went on, day after day, till the Wednesday after, in spite of the efforts of four thousand soldiers and armed police, who were obliged more than once to charge the rioters with the bayonet, or even to fire upon them. The blame of the first act of violence rests with the Orange or "Protestant" faction, who attacked a procession of Roman Catholics, on their road back from a "Home Rule" or "Nationalist" meeting, at the neighboring village of Hannahstown. There was some fierce fighting, in which not only stones were thrown, but pistols were used, and several persons were wounded. In the evening of the next day the two parties met for a pitched battle, to the number of several thousands, in the brickfield between the Shankhill and Fall Roads. The police tried in vain to separate them, and the military were sent for; sixty men of the 4th (Royal) Dragoons and a detachment of the 78th Highlanders, forced the combatant mobs apart, but showers of stones were thrown over the heads of the line of soldiery, and fierce howls of mutual execration were exchanged by the hostile bands of Irishmen who were prevented from slaughtering each other. The Mayor of Belfast, Sir John Savage, having taken counsel with other magistrates of the town and county, who sat night and day at the Townhall, issued stringent orders, closing all the public-houses and forbidding the sale of arms. Even in the centre of the town, in Castle Street and at the Bank Buildings, windows were broken by loose bands of rioters, and houses were attacked in St. Peter's Hill and Brown's Square. About one hundred of the rioters were arrested, and were brought before the magistrates. Several persons were shot during the riots, and one police constable killed. By the efforts of the police and the military, peace was finally restored after six days of bloody riot, outrage and pillage.

An Archery Meeting.

The art of shooting with the bow and arrow has in these days become the mere pastime of ladies and children. But it is still a formidable part of real warfare among savage nations, in Asia, Africa and South America, where it is sometimes rendered more deadly for offense by the use of poisoned arrow-points. Only a hundred years ago, indeed, no less a philosopher than Benjamin Franklin wrote a treatise seriously recommending that archery should be retained, along with the musketry of that period, in the armies of civilized nations. Our female archers of the present day are never expected to shoot at a living object. They can pretend to no such embarrassment, and make no such artful excuse for their failure. An archery fête, on a fair, smooth lawn, in July or August, is a very pleasant scene. It is, perhaps, more amusing to the spectators than a match at croquet. To the performers it affords what they are likely to value—an opportunity for showing off their personal graces as well as their skill in the game. If a lady has a fine arm and a good erect figure, the bow and arrow will become her well. If a neat foot and ankle be her special vanity, the croquet-mallet will naturally be preferred.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

FATHER BURKE is improving.

MRS. LAURA FAIR's new trial begins at San Francisco this week.

FRENCH Republicans propose celebrating Lafayette's birthday.

THIRTY-FOUR more Japanese students have reached this country.

BRAZIL is having a route surveyed for a railroad to the Pacific Coast.

A MARBLE barrel full of beer was one of Bismarck's silver-wedding presents.

SIXTEEN members of the New Dominion House of Commons are physicians.

WORDSWORTH'S house, on Lake Windermere, has been closed to sentimental tourists.

THE Sultan is about the only Turk in the Ottoman dominions who does not smoke.

R. E. LEE'S room at the Lexington University is to be left "for ever untouched."

HENRY MOREHOUSE, the Chicago boy-preacher, has been evangelizing in Europe.

NAPOLEON and Eugénie recently enjoyed a sail in Commodore Douglass's yacht *Sappho*.

MARX, the International's chief friend, will make his future residence in the United States.

TWO AMERICAN citizens have become naturalized and elected to the Canadian Parliament.

THE State Board of Agriculture of Kansas offers prizes for the best conducted newspapers.

TURIN, Italy, is headquarters for old women, there being eighty in that city over a century old.

HORACE GREELY delivered an address before the Vermont State Agricultural Society on the 12th.

PROFESSOR BOWEN, of Harvard College, is passing his Summer vacation on the Continent of Europe.

PRINCE SATSUMA is the only surviving chief-tain of the league that overthrew the Japanese Tycoon.

THE queen of society at the Virginia White Sulphur Springs is said to be Mrs. B. S. Story, of New Orleans.

A STATUE of the late Chief-Justice Taney is being raised in front of the Court House at Annapolis, Md.

KOSSUTH declines the position of a representative in the Hungarian Diet, to which he had been chosen.

MR. SPURGEON is said to be quite willing, if asked, to stand for Lambeth, and to enter upon Parliamentary life.

M. THIERS is said to look ten years younger from the fresh air and sea-bathing he has been enjoying at Trouville.

AN order has been issued by President Thiers for the arrest of Don Carlos, if found on the Spanish frontier.

THE ovation to General McClellan, at San Francisco was the most extensive ever given to anybody on the Pacific Coast.

A \$55,000 bronze fountain, designed by Miss Emma Stebbins, and cast in Munich, is about to be erected in Central Park.

WITTON, a house-painter, has been elected to the Canadian House of Commons, the first workman to receive that distinction.

CHICAGO is greatly exercised over the increase of lawlessness in her midst. She is imitating Jersey in dealing with assassins.

A CALIFORNIA agricultural society offers premiums to unmarried girls who will prepare plain dinners not to exceed \$4 in cost.

MR. CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY, the English composer and pianist, contemplates a professional visit to the United States this season.

RUSKIN is suffering from qualms of disgust again, because American ladies in Italy suck lemons and scatter hair-pins over the tomb of Portia.

SIR R. WALLACE, an English nobleman, is becoming conspicuous for his liberality. He has recently given Paris a number of drinking-fountains.

BISHOP CLARKSON, of Omaha, recently lost by burglars \$1,500 worth of silver plate, his best church vestments, and a large amount of other valuables.

PRAIRIE chickens are waxing fat on potatoes out West, and the most frightful symptoms arise from eating those birds and potatoes at the same meal.

THE Princess Louise of England has been elected an honorary member of the New Jersey Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

DR. PAUL SCHORPP, the alleged murderer of old Miss Steinecke, has at last been proven not guilty, and released. Every juror shook his head after the verdict.

GENERAL VAN BUREN, United States Commissioner to the World's Fair at Vienna, has officially visited the industrial exhibitions of Newark, N. J., and Cincinnati, O.

THE Archbishop of Halifax recently called on George Brown, the champion orsman, and, after congratulating him on his victory at Digby, handed him a check for \$40.

It will be interesting to the ladies to know that the ex-Empress Eugénie now dresses almost entirely in red and black, and that her beautiful hair is beginning to show threads of silver.

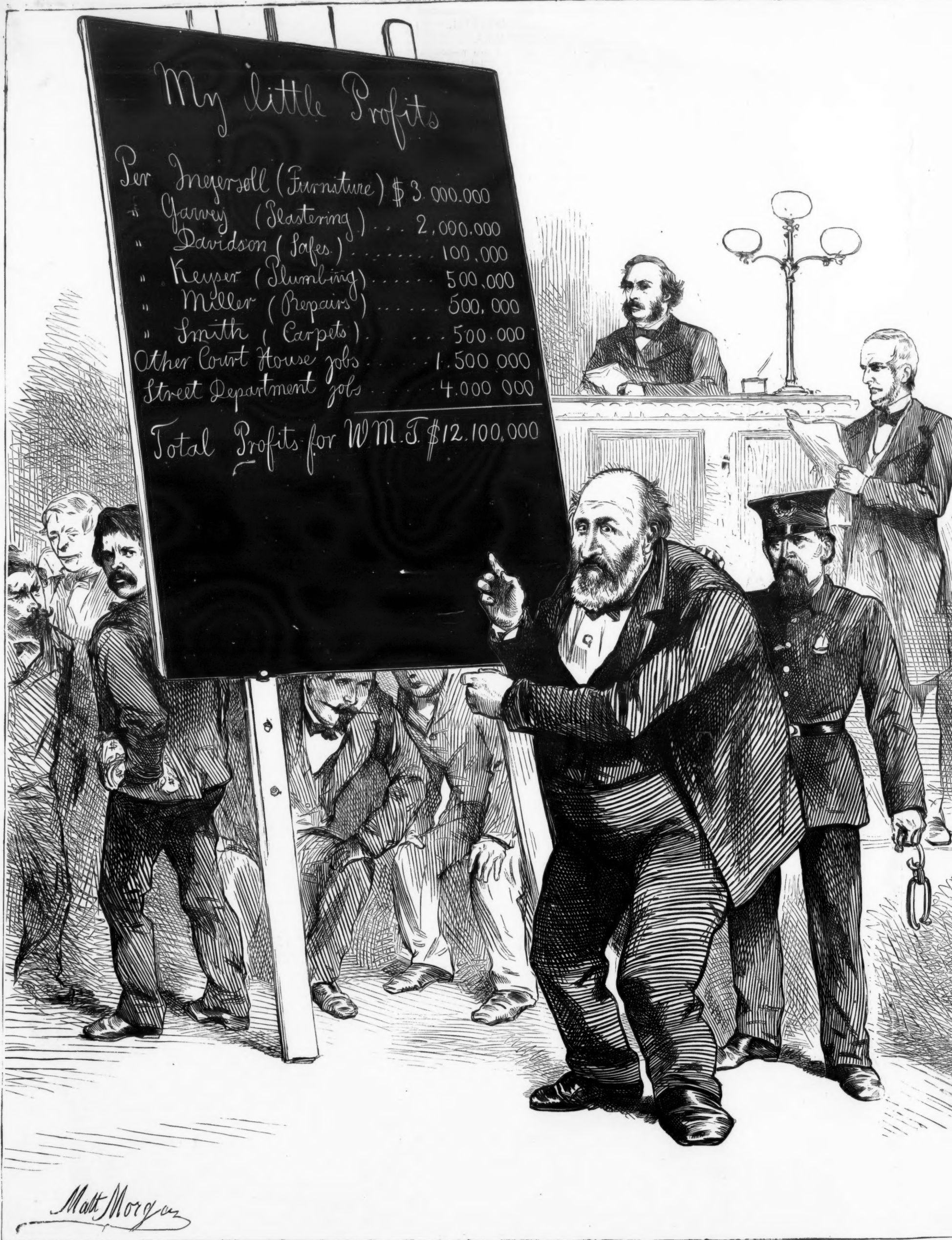
MR. JAMES K. HOSMER, now Professor in Antioch College, O., has been elected Professor of the English Language and Literature in the State University of Missouri, at Columbia.

It is said that a majority of the delegates to the International Congress are dissatisfied with the transfer of the General Council to America, and the formation of a new association is quite probable.

THE strikers in Edinburgh showed more fellow feeling than is usual with the race. They were lamp-lighters, and instead of leaving the city in darkness, they wouldn't put out the lights, and left them burning all day.

SINCE it has been decided in Iowa that the Sunday liquor law does not apply to persons whose religion enails the observance of a day other than the Christian Sabbath, they say that the number of Jews and Seventh Day Baptists discovered in the community would astonish a census-taker.

THE young Emperor of China is described as very effeminate, with no capacity for business, and is inordinately fond of displays and theatricals. He is easily ruled by the wife, who was educated for him at such vast expense of money and dress, and she is regarded as having the controlling interest in the Government.

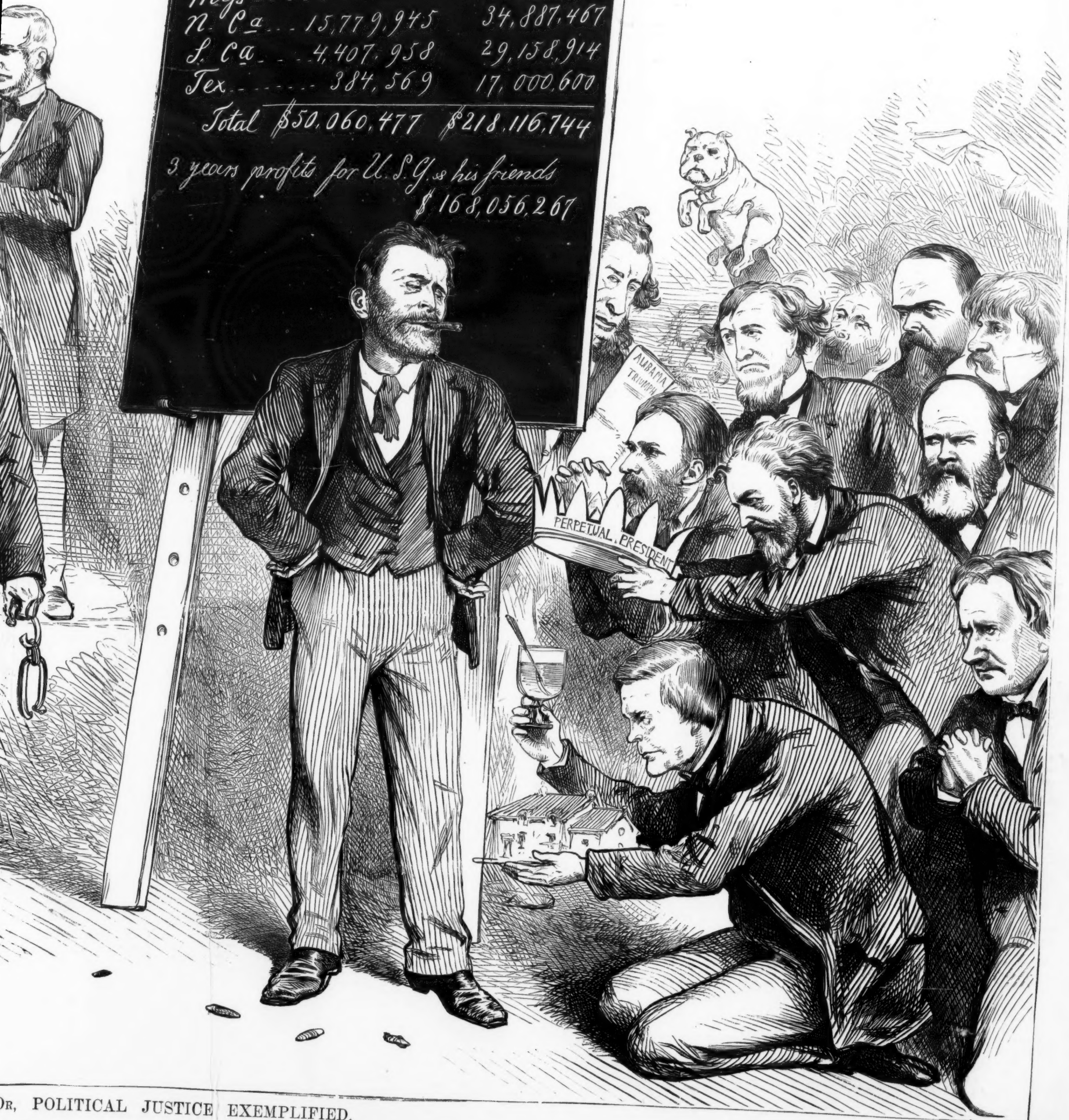


GRAND LARCENY vs. PETTY LARCENY; Or, PO

U.S.G.—"Now, Tweed, my boy, you see the trouble in your case is, that you did not pocket enough to buy up all your enemies with."

My little Profits

	State Debt in 1868	State Debt in 1871
Ark ^a	\$4,036,952	\$19,761,265
Al ^a	7,904,396	38,381,967
Fl ^a	528,856	15,797,587
Geo.....	2,670,750	20,137,500
Lu.....	14,347,051	41,194,473
Miss ⁱ		1,796,971
N. C ^a	15,779,945	34,887,467
S. C ^a	4,407,958	29,158,914
Tex.....	384,569	17,000,600
Total	\$50,060,477	\$218,116,744
3 years profits for U. S. G. & his friends		\$168,056,267



OR, POLITICAL JUSTICE EXEMPLIFIED.

with. See what I have done. I have taken so much for mysef and them fellows, that they want me to keep on doing it."

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

CAMPAIGN SONG. ANXIOUS TO REMAIN.

A New Version of an Old Song.

O'er the whole of this wide world we may tirelessly roam,
And find like the White House no other such home;
For the charms of high place and large patronage there,
Are a cure for all trouble and every care.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like the White House,
If 'tis but your home!

Then, the presents that pour in—the houses and land,
The silks for my lady, the jewels so grand;
The horses, the wagons, and e'en the cigars,
Free passage on steamboats, free riding on cars!
Home, etc.

Near four years at a swing already I've taken,
And by none of my friends, I am sure, am forsaken;
And another four years are just what I seek,
To complete of good luck a remarkable streak.
Home, etc.

And when those four years away shall have sped,
My son and my daughter may each have been wed
To a Princess and Prince, and the folks may agree
To confer the high title of Emp'r'r on me!
Home, etc.

The "Grant Dynasty"—don't it sound with a swell?
Then, of course, a Nobility there'll be as well,
Including Duke Jesse, and Dent as an Earl;
With an Order of Knighthood set in diamonds and pearl!
Home, etc.

And I think, if a name be required for the same,
That is worthy of me, of my deeds, and my fame,
We shall all things make proper, and sound and sense mate,
If we call it the "Order of Ulysses the Great."
Home, etc.

HARD LUCK.

BY
C. SHACKELFORD.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS.

THERE was no doubt of the doctor's being worried about the opposition from Archibald Gost; his actions showed it by a reign of continued moodiness, by a nervousness that he never before exhibited, by a surly reserve that was as impenetrable as an iron-clad.

This lasted for three days after our late conversation. On the fourth day he came hilariously into the store, his face aglow with excitement, and his tongue lively with unusual velocity.

"It's won at last, and all right," he exclaimed, as I hastened forward to meet him. "Put on your hat and coat and come with myself and Bitters to the Archipelago and Cornucopia Life office. The will's admitted; I've got my papers; everything is clear, and Gost is gone. Don't bother about questions, but come along!"

I put on my hat and accompanied him. At the office of the Archipelago the same young man sat in the same chair, reading papers—the same papers—as if he had not left the spot since the day I called to pay the life premium of Silas Gost.

After some delay the young man called out two or three old gentlemen in succession. The papers were examined, and everything being satisfactory, all parties announced the fact.

"The money, less discount for ninety days, will be paid you now if you claim it," said the secretary.

"I do desire it, as I wish to move away, and end my responsibility. I will pay the interest myself."

So he was given a check for that indebtedness. At the Cornucopia office there was the same formality, with the same result. And the doctor returned to his house that night richer by nine thousand five hundred dollars than when he left in the morning.

The money made them all good-humored and chatty, and lifted a weight from their spirits, especially the doctor's.

"It cost me a thousand to get that Gost out of the way by withdrawing his opposition," whispered the doctor in my ear; "but that was better than getting the money at the tail-end of a lawsuit or two, eh?"

"Decidedly," I observed. "I hope it may increase in your hands till you are horribly rich."

The doctor laughed, shook his head, and said he was downright sorry I was going to leave him; with which view Mrs. Winkie coquetishly coincided, after her usual style.

Pauline marred the tender sentiments of the occasion by remarking that quite a large portion of the money belonged to her, and she was entitled to an opinion.

"Of course you are, my daughter—of course you are," with a huskiness of voice quite at variance with the charming cordiality of his speech.

"And I think I'll put mine into stocks and bonds drawing good interest, as Silas suggested when alive," added Pauline. "I need a good income to carry out my charity plans, which are to be commemorative of my dead Silas."

At this long speech up went Mrs. Winkie's eyebrows, as if strongly expressive of doubt, and down went the corners of the doctor's mouth, as if to disdainfully express his suspicions of his daughter's earnestness.

"Well, Pauline, we'll not begin to pick a bone before we've got a bone to pick. Do you understand?"

"I understand," she answered, in a sharp voice.

"Hammer and anvil!" laughed Mrs. Winkie, looking from father to daughter; "and I'm the iron," she added, with a sigh of contented resignation.

"The fire, rather," said Pauline, spitefully.

As there seemed a possibility of Hammer, Anvil and Iron being brought into contact in forcible style, I withdrew from the room, exercising that discretion which in such fights was really the better part of valor.

Directly adjoining my bedchamber was a small apartment, originally intended for a large closet, with a window, and with a door opening into the hall. This place the doctor had lately occupied as his office, where he kept his small library, his medicines, where he received such patients as happened to choose him for their physician, and where he passed a good deal of his time not occupied by outside duties.

After he had finished his supper this evening he came up to his room in quite good-humor, I suppose, for he was making a strong effort to whistle the "Fisher's Hornpipe," though always getting out of breath at the most critical point in the tune, and thus disturbing the harmony of the whole. He went in and shut his door, and silence reigned. Perhaps it was an hour later that I heard the bell ring, then the front door open, followed by the noise and conversation of two men who were ascending the stairs, and who finally entered the doctor's study. Before many minutes elapsed Elsie knocked at my door.

"May I come in, please?" she whispered at the keyhole.

"Of course; I don't see much of you now, little bee."

She stopped me by putting her finger on her lips. When the door was tightly closed, and she had arrived within arm's-length of my chair, she took her finger from her lips.

"It's against orders for me to come here," she said, softly.

"Eh? Why's that?"

"Oh! they saw me stick a bit of paper under your door one night. La! I suppose they thought I was making love to you, for they gave me a lecture on propriety and respectability, and bother-ability, and set me to picking out stitches in an old dress of Pleen's as punishment."

"Is that all, Elf?" said I, smiling at the little sober face before me.

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Ralph. Miss Pauline hunted up an old Sunday-school book, about a wicked girl who shaved her grandmother's cat, and afterward the cat tripped her down and she broke her arm, and was sick a long time for shaving that cat. I know, 'cause they made me read two pages a day, and it was mighty hard work." And she laughed her low musical laugh, as soothing and sweet as the chimes of silver bells.

"But, Elsie, you haven't told me what the paper was about that you pushed under the door."

"About? Didn't you get it? And you don't know! Well, I printed on the paper something like this, 'Where two went up, three came down. That's odd.' It was the night after that man Gost's funeral."

"I remember it, Elf," said I, "but I didn't know what it meant, nor do I yet."

"You didn't take, then?" she asked eagerly. "I thought it funny you didn't say or do something."

"But what did you mean by it?" I urged.

"I meant this, Mr. Ralph. The night that man died I saw two men come up with a coffin, and I saw three men go down with one. Where did number three come from. I want to know?"

"It was the doctor, probably," I replied.

"Begging your pardon, 'twasn't. I couldn't sleep, having a dead man on the same floor with me, and when I heard the noises I got up and watched the hull through a crack in the door. I guess I know what is before me. I can count three."

"There must be a mistake. Call it two men and a shadow, Elf."

She only shook her head in a bewildered sort of way.

"It's strange you should see three when there were but two. Hadn't you sipped some of that kitchen-brandy?"

She laughed. "I don't think I made a mistake. But never mind now; I want to show you something just as strange."

She put her little hand under her apron and drew forth two envelopes, and gravely put them on my knee.

"Well, what does this mean?" I asked.

"Don't know. S'pose you look at 'em!"

I took them up. They were post-marked Toronto, Canada, one three, and the other five days previously, and both addressed to Miss Pauline Winkie, with street and number.

"Still I don't understand," I said.

"You don't, eh? Am I so smart, then?"

asking the question more of herself than of me.

"You're a pretty smart little girl," was my suggestion.

"I can tell you what I thought about 'em," pointing to the envelopes. "The handwriting looks like that of the notes the dead codger wrote to Pleen. There!"

"Never say codger again, Elsie. It is shocking."

"Well, well, I won't; though it's mighty easy for the tongue, and convenient to remember. But that ain't business, Mr. Ralph."

I took up the envelopes and subjected them to a close scrutiny. Most truly the writing resembled that of the notes Mr. Silas Gost had sent to Pauline. But it was just as certain that a man six feet under ground, with the life entirely out of his body, could not write letters from Canada. Either I had forgotten how the writing in the letters looked, or the writer of these addresses was unknowingly making most wonderfully correct imitations.

"It's very like," I said to the little girl, who had stood at my side watching me curiously.

"It's awful queer!" she said, "and that's why I picked 'em out of the waste-paper box and brought 'em to you. Still, if you think it's all right—"

"I think so," I said, "for it's impossible to be otherwise. I'll keep the envelopes, though, if you like."

"I do like. Maybe they'll do you good. I'd give my head if I could get one of the letters that came inside," she remarked, in a decided manner.

"But that wouldn't be quite honorable, you know. You won't think of such a thing, I'm sure."

"Oh, of course not! I'll forget all about it at once, and go and read that Sunday-school book," she said, with a bitterness of tone quite surprising in such a little mortal. "Good-night, Mr. Ralph. I think—"

Her hand was on the door-knob, but her motion to open the door was suddenly restrained by loud talk in the doctor's office. His door was slammed back, and a man's voice cried:

"We worked hard for that money."

"I worked hard for mine," said the doctor, in a low voice, "and I'll not pay more than I agreed. A bargain is a bargain!"

"Before to-morrow night you will hand us that money," broke in a third person, in a deep bass voice, "or we'll blow upon you. We'll hold the reins in this race if we drive to the devil."

"Drive to the devil, then!" loudly roared the doctor. "You cannot frighten me with your words or your looks. I defy you both—you rascals. Take that money or leave it!"

His door was flung to with a crash, and the men, growling and cursing, tramped by my door, and down the stairs, slammed the outside door with a noise like thunder. Elsie turned toward me a face white as death.

"It's the beginning, sir," she whispered.

"Oh, I'm in fear of my life! I know their voices. They are the same men—"

And without further delay, she darted out into the hall, shot down the balustrade like a meteor through the sky, and disappeared instantly, leaving me to meditate upon the astounding happenings of the last five minutes.

The result of those meditations—which were merely a medley of conjectures, as to the trouble between the doctor and his visitors, and the fear which suddenly came upon Elsie—was nothing greater or more important than a feeling of gladness that a few days more would find me removed to a pleasant home, and away from sight and sound of the maudlin doctor. His vagaries of passion were becoming unbearable, his potations deeper and deeper. I rejoiced at my approaching removal from his influence and society.

CHAPTER XXXI.—A RESURRECTION.

"MR. GOLDANT," began Mr. Verity, when I reached the store in the morning. "I'm afraid Waterlee & Gregg, at Washington—a small town about two hundred miles from Lakeville—are selling out below cost, preparatory to running away. I have letters, in fact, to that effect. I want you to start at once to that place and take care of our interests."

I accordingly returned immediately to the doctor's, packed my valise, and in a short time was on my way to Washington. The journey was what I wanted, being a change in life that would preclude too much thinking on the events of the past dozen nights. It would cheer me by giving me new scenes and a new life for a couple of days. I would be able to return to work refreshed and invigorated. Reaching my destination, I found that it would require about a week to bring my business to a satisfactory termination, the debtors being disposed to be refractory in settling. As the time for taking my rooms at my new boarding-place would transpire before that day, I at once telegraphed Touter to favor me by moving all my traps immediately to my new lodgings.

The days dragged slowly by in that listless town until the coming of the eighth one, when the firm, firing of my proceedings, paid their indebtedness and wished me a jolly good-by. I yearned for the busy streets and restless life of the great city. The silence and stagnation of the country overcame my spirits, like the silence of a graveyard on a sunny day, when only the grasshoppers buzz, and the stones, glaring white, appall the heart with their dreary sameness.

I was as uneasy and restless as a child until we reached the suburban towns twenty miles out, and I seemed nearing home. At the first one there came on board the train a boy with the morning papers; I bought one, hastily scanned the telegrams and the general news, and then turned to the city items. The first article upon which my eyes lighted covered three columns, with a third of a column given to a heading in the largest and blackest letters that could be used. Interested at once by this display, my eyes scanned the account with a fascination and a terror that was irresistible. The article ran thus:

A most astounding fraud—A prominent Citizen implicated—Ten thousand dollars captured by the Swindlers—Tremendous Excitement in Certain Circles—No certainty about Dead Men—One who wouldn't stay buried.

About three weeks ago died one Silas Gost, who had been lying ill for a long time, boarding at the house of one Dr. Isaac Winkie, 809 Sixteenth Street, a physician of good standing but poor circumstances. He was duly and decently buried, his natural death being certified to by Dr. Bitters, who is widely and favorably known, and by Dr. Winkie.

Gost, who was to be married, it would seem, to the daughter of Dr. Winkie, had his life insured for ten thousand dollars in certain life offices in this city. He left a will giving two thousand dollars to Dr. Winkie, and two hundred dollars to a relative, and made his affianced his residuary legatee. The will was filed for probate. There unexpectedly appeared upon the scene a brother of the dead man, who proposed to contest the will on the ground of fraud. He left the matter in charge of a lawyer, and returned to his farm. By some *hocus-pocus* the lawyer was won over to the other side, and withdrew all opposition. The proper letters were issued, the money was obtained from the insurance companies, and the estate settled

in as rapid a manner as possible. So far everything seems honorable and business-like.

It appears, however, that two men who had a finger in this pie failed to receive their promised wages, and so, in a rage, went to the insurance companies, and made a confession of one of the most startling frauds of the age. Prompt action being taken by the companies, one of these men was placed on the stand, and gave the following testimony:

"Were you acquainted with Silas Gost?"

"I knew a man who went by that name for a while, but whose usual name was Fimkin—Captain Joseph Fimkin."

"Is Silas Gost, alias Joseph Fimkin, dead?"

"He is not!"

(At this revelation I could hardly keep myself from shrieking. My brain seemed on fire, and a wild impulse possessed me to throw myself from the cars, and thus end my miserable existence; for, quick as a lightning-flash, I saw the terrible villainy into which I had been led, a willing, easy dupe. I rose from my seat with thoughts tending to no purpose, but with mind giddy with the horrors of my situation. A gentleman behind me touched my arm, saying: "You have dropped some papers, sir." They were the settlement of accounts with Waterlee & Gregg. The duty I owed my employers brought me back to reason. Thanking the man for his kindness, I again took up the paper.)

The crowded court-room was agitated by this answer, and a loud hum of surprise ran through the audience, which the judge instantly checked. The witness then proceeded to reveal the details of the conspiracy by saying:

"I have known Captain Fimkin for a long time—five years at least. About four months ago he met me, and stated that he had a new and sure plan for making a large sum of money, and wanted to know if I would join him. I said Yes. He told me to wait until he sent for me, which he did a month afterward. I found him at a hotel with Dr. Winkie. From there I went with them to two insurance offices, where he was examined, and took out two insurance policies of five thousand each. He had them made payable to his heirs, being told he could leave the money by a will to any certain person. Two weeks later he pretended to be sick, and went to the house of Dr. Isaac Winkie for treatment.

"I don't know whether the wife and daughter were in the secret; I do know that he was to marry, or pretended to be about to marry, the daughter. The captain got sicker and sicker, and finally made his will."

"That's my name, Andrew Pieler, signed as witness. Yes, sir. I knew what I was about. I was to have a thousand dollars for my share. I was with him a good deal of the time as a professional watcher. We—the doctor and I—gave the man medicine, to vomit and purge him. The captain also starved himself. He had no fever, nor anything else. We called in Dr. Bitters three times. We didn't use his prescriptions, but threw them into the fire. The last time he called he said the sick man could not live twenty-four hours. He lived forty-eight."

"Then, he did die?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir—by proxy. It was my business to get a *fac-simile*. I did so through a medical college, by the aid of a photograph. I paid fifty dollars for the subject. It was a striking likeness. Fimkin had cut off his whiskers, which helped us wonderfully. We carried the sham into the house in a coffin, the night of the pretended death. When we entered the room, the captain was putting on his clothes, it having been arranged that he should die as soon as possible after the arrival of the body, as these things cannot be kept long. 'Poor fellow!' said the doctor; 'he's dead, sure enough.' Then we all laughed. The captain helped to lay himself—the body, I mean—out, and then all being done that could be done, he went away with us, about midnight, I should think. The plan was, that he was to leave the city, and the doctor was to take charge of affairs and bring everything to a satisfactory settlement, and then divide with us."

"Some of the captain's friends came in; of course, they thought it was his body. The deception was perfect in the darkened room. He had a very pleasant funeral, the captain seeing us off on the journey. I saw him looking around the hearse, and think he must have enjoyed reading his name on the coffin-plate, and noticing how tastefully we were getting him under the sod."

In answer to the Court, the witness stated that he was not sure as to Fimkin's business. He knew that he always had plenty of money without working for it. He had heard that, years ago, the captain had been sent to the penitentiary for forging, counterfeiting, or something of that kind. Being interrogated as to the captain's present whereabouts, he said he believed he was in Canada. He had received one letter from him at Toronto. The witness also testified that a young man, a boarder, seemed to be interested with the doctor in carrying out the fraud. He—this young man—had done a good deal in the way of business for both the captain and the doctor. He could not give the name or business of the young man, because he had never inquired. The doctor had always said he would manage him—that he was like putty in a painter's hands. The doctor, or his wife or daughter, could give the name.

"I have never tried this game before, and shan't try it again. I think the captain set us up to it, by telling how successful he was in carrying through a similar scheme in New York."

"No, I'm not making, and don't expect to make, a cent by my confession. I'm out a hundred dollars now on this speculative movement. It's paying mighty dear for a good joke. Think it would have been better to have allowed the dead to rest in peace."

The next witness was the secretary of one of the companies. His company had had its loss, and now sought to recover. He had been pre-

sent at the disinterment of the dead body of a man said to be Gost, one of the policy-holders of his company; had seen the living Gost several times. There was such a strong resemblance between the features of the said buried body and those of Gost, *alias* Fimkin, that he was not prepared to swear that it was not that of Silas Gost. The certificate of Dr. Bitters had great weight with them in promptly settling the claim.

At this point a letter to the first witness, Andrew Pieler, was offered in evidence. The substance of the letter was to urge the receiver to push Dr. Winkle until he disgorged his share of the plunder, which, as interpreted by Pieler, meant the sum that was to go to the residuary legatee.

Dr. Winkle, for whom a warrant has been issued, has not yet been found. He has moved away from his house in Sixteenth Street, and it is feared he has gone to join his partner Fimkin, in Canada, where they will divide the spoils. It would seem as if the unknown participant in the fraud, who seemed linked to it in some way not clearly defined, and who boarded with Winkle, may yet be discovered. He, too, has disappeared, whether with the doctor remains to be seen. Little is known of him, not even his name, by any of the parties now under arrest. The police think they are on his track, which is a very unsatisfactory assertion. The whole affair has been kept very quiet for two or three days, the better to make arrests; but this stratagem is a failure, and we presume the birds of prey have already flown to a distant and more congenial clime, leaving behind them proofs of a most gigantic and successful swindle.

I read and re-read all this in a stupor, and as if I could not comprehend the transformation of myself from an obligingly disposed young man to a hunted criminal, around whom had been woven by some person—and by whom more likely than Fimkin?—a web of evidence through which it appeared almost impossible to break; and the doctor and his wife and Pauline all working together in the same scheme and to the same end! I could not believe it! It did seem incredible—the heartlessness and rascality of my friends! For many minutes after I had finished the article, I seemed stunned and stupefied by the revelation; but the more I pondered upon the matter, the more I became my natural self, and incident after incident arose in my mind to corroborate the testimony before me. The doctor himself had changed from a calm, slow, sober, good-natured sort of man, to a nervous, impetuous, irritable person, nearly all the time under the influence of liquor. I recalled his words and appearance on the night of Gost's death, as well as various strange incidents of the same time: his refusal to allow me to visit the sick man; the scene of the coffin borne up-stairs at midnight; his unnatural meekness under the threats and insulting conduct of Gost's brother; his unseemly treatment of Pauline. There came to me, too, little Eli's strange words: "Where two went up, three came down;" and I beheld the verification of her suspicion—a wild one, it then appeared to me—in relation to the envelopes she brought to me; and I remembered her pale face and wild looks of fear, when she believed the discovery of her presence in my forbidden room was likely to follow, on the last night which I spent in that house—that, together with the finishing evidence of the doctor's apparent quarrel with the two men in his study, who demanded money of him, and in whose faces he slammed the door, in what must have been a blind, drunken fury. These and numerous other events, not noticed particularly at their happening, were crowded into my mind with a swiftness that made me dizzy, and crazed me with fear. By reviewing these facts, I could see how I was—innocently enough, heaven knows!—an active worker in the accomplishment of this great fraud! The more I looked at it, the more did I seem to be hopelessly overwhelmed by circumstantial evidence of guilt. From the days of my boyhood came up to me the threat of Fimkin, "to cling to me like the ivy to the oak, and cause my friends to stand aloof from me." Too well I understood his presence and strange words the morning of his counterfeit funeral! I had no person to bear testimony in my behalf against the evidence of my connection with the plot—evidence that a lawyer would torture into showing a most criminal intent on my part. The stainless life of a poor young man would be little or nothing when a scapegoat was sought. If throughout the land should be trumpeted my arrest in connection with the conspiracy, all the papers and pulpits in the universe could not erase the stain upon my character! Gone for ever, the hope of honor, position, friends—if it were to come to that! I contemplated my situation with all the sensitiveness of a nature to which publicity of any kind was a torture. It drove me wild with dread of shame to read over and over, as I did read, what was really my sentence! Flight and banishment self-imposed, or a call to the more terrible one to be given by a court, seemed to be my only resource. I must have shown my anguish of soul in my face, for the gentleman in the seat behind me, already mentioned, now leaned forward and said, in a kindly voice:

"Pardon me! But, are you ill, sir?"

When I tried to answer, my tongue and mouth were so parched, I could not utter a word; and it was a minute or more before I succeeded in speaking, and—must I own it—telling a falsehood.

"It is not sickness, sir. I have just read the announcement of my brother's death." And to avoid further conversation, I soon after arose and walked to the forward end of the car. If a human being ever suffered mental agony, I think I suffered it for that half-hour! Whatever fate might be awaiting me in the city, the outskirts of which we were entering,

I was determined to go to the store, complete the business intrusted to me, resign my situation, and seek a secure hiding-place. Above all personal considerations was my duty to my employers. Then, flight—for flight was my only resource!

As there seemed, in the newspaper account, to be an uncertainty as to the identity and appearance of the boarder at Dr. Winkle's, it did not occur to me as a dangerous undertaking for me to walk directly to the store. As it was already quite dark, there were less chances of discovery; and I might be able to do what I had to do, and disappear from the city before morning. The walk from the depot to the store is remembered as if done in a dream, it seems so unreal and uncertain in its outlines. I know that the evening was cold and blustering, and that the streets were crowded, it being near Christmas time. I remember that objects were like phantoms! that I trembled with fear and shivered with cold; that I walked and saw, and that when, after a half-hour, I reached the store, I was wet with perspiration. It may have been cowardice that sent me skulking through these streets as if I were hunted for murder! Yet, I must confess that I went in that way guiltily, and with a load in my heart that weighed me more sorely than if I had been burdened like a pack-horse. My mental sufferings were greater, I think, than if I had been an actual criminal. It was a welcome sight to see the streaming light from open show-windows, and to safely reach a goal that had seemed, at the beginning, hundreds of miles away. I entered it pitifully weak—breathless with excitement.

Thank God! No one was in the store but honest Touter!

(To be continued.)

THE LIBERAL RALLY.

THE grand ratification of the Cincinnati nominations and the Baltimore indorsement, which took place in New York city on the evening of the 12th of September, was a suggestive rally of the friends of Universal Amnesty and General Reform.

When the best men of the Democratic and Republican Parties came to the front to plead for a national peace; when thousands of voters, intelligent, independent men, remain for hours wedged in a compact mass, there is nothing for the opposition to gain by attempting to belittle the occasion. As the formal inauguration of the campaign in the Empire State, it was an affair of great political significance. The corrupt influences of the Custom House, the Post Office and the Navy Yard were insufficient to prevent the gathering being a successful jubilee of the faithful.

The subsidized organs of the Administration try to make the masses believe there are no Greeley men, no lovers of Reform, no representatives of independent thought, no opposition to the shameless monarchical tendencies of the White House Ring, to be found in this and that State or city. But the neighborhood of Union Square on Thursday evening, with its illumination, its audience, its enthusiasm, its calm, dispassionate discussion, proved beyond a question the existence of a strong element that has grown out of the accumulated national abuses of the past four years.

Seven great meetings were held at the same time; Tammany Hall, under its reconstructed management, with its neighbor Irving, the main, German, Cuban, and two other stands, were gayly decorated for the occasion.

At no time in its history has the former hall borne such an attractive and exhilarating appearance. From the centre of the ceiling of the large meeting-room in Tammany Hall streamers of red, white and blue bunting radiated, producing a very fine effect. The speakers' stand was profusely decorated with flags and bunting, while around the galleries and the sides of the hall were festooned flags and tri-colored bunting. Shields bearing the coats-of-arms of the various States appeared at the sides of the hall, and banners were placed along the galleries and at the back of the stage.

The Cuban stand was at the Lincoln Monument, the German at the Washington, and the others at various points in the immediate neighborhood.

Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, presided over the meeting in Tammany Hall, ex-Judge Spencer in Irving Hall, Daniel B. Williamson at the main stand, General Francis B. Spinola at the Cuban, Professor Glaubenslee at the German, and George A. Barney at Stand No. 4.

There was an abundance of music and fireworks.

The torchlight procession of ward clubs was an interesting feature of the demonstration, and elicited round after round of cheers from the sympathizing multitude.

Taking the entire affair into consideration, it was the most remarkable popular outpouring since the war demonstrations of 1861.

THE LOUISE HOME, WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE Louise Home, in Washington, D.C., is an asylum for aged women, and is so called as a tribute to a much-loved daughter of W. W. Corcoran, Esq., the banker and philanthropist, at whose cost it was erected. It was begun in 1870.

It is arranged to accommodate over fifty inmates, and measures 100 feet in front and 64 feet in depth, giving ample room for large, commodious apartments, offices, bath-rooms, kitchens and halls.

The whole structure is at once substantial and ornamental. The portico to the front entrance has steps, pedestals, columns and pilasters of Seneca sandstone. The ceiling, of stone, is of

the same width as the columns, and is made perfectly water-tight; and the floor is paved diagonally with slabs of German stone.

The floors of all the rooms are laid with yellow pine, and the skirtings, of well-seasoned white pine. The front and side entrance doors, as well as those of the vestibule, are of walnut, paneled, and worked with bold moldings, with ornamental bronze hinges. The walls and ceiling of the vestibule are lined with walnut, to correspond with the doors.

The centre of the ceiling is furnished with ornamental carved boss, perforated for gas-pipe. The windows, including the dormers and those in the tower-roof, have small oval sashes. A skylight over the centre of the court gives light to it and the surrounding gallery. It has a twelve-inch molded cornice projecting around it. All the windows throughout the house have inch-and-a-half pine inside shutters, except those in the basement, which are paneled and molded like the doors. The principal stairs are of ash, and the balusters and posts, of walnut.

There is an elevator for the use of the inmates. The arrangements and fixtures of the kitchen could not be better for the purposes. A cistern, of 2,000 gallons capacity, is fitted up over the bath-room, in the fourth story, connecting by pipes with all the water-fixtures throughout. The laundry has wash-tubs of galvanized iron, with hot and cold water facilities, and the drying-room is amply supplied with drying-horses and all necessary steam-pipes and flues connected with the heating apparatus. A furnace is provided in the basement, with approved steam-heating apparatus of sufficient capacity to properly heat and ventilate the whole building. In the kitchen is a range, of improved manufacture, upon which cooking and baking for one hundred and fifty persons can be done, and a two-hundred-and-fifty-gallon iron boiler. The large refrigerator, duly fitted up and ventilated, is one of the best.

The second story is cut up into numerous apartments. The bath-room is clean and cheerful-looking, and has hot and cold water, and a shower-bath.

The contract for the "Louise Home," all completed in itself, amounted to \$180,000, and, with the fencing, grading, &c., to \$190,000.

We may add, in this connection, that Mr. Corcoran has recently made a further donation of \$500,000 to the Art Gallery founded by him in Washington.

THE GREAT ADMIRAL'S MONUMENT.

THE widow and son of the late Admiral Farragut have recently erected in Woodlawn Cemetery a chaste symbolical pedestal and shaft over the grave of America's greatest sailor.

The shaft is fashioned to represent a man-of-war's mast, broken during the flight of shells, with the Admiral's flag dropped carelessly over the splintered extremity. At its base are grouped in fine taste an anchor, capstan, cable, rope and blocks, compass, quadrant, speaking-trumpet, sword, and other naval properties.

On the pedestal, and beneath a single star, indicating the rank of the deceased, are the words:

Erected by
His Wife and Son
to the memory of
DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT,
First Admiral in the United States Navy.
Born July 6th, 1801.
Died August 14th, 1870.

The shaft and pedestal are of the choicest Italian marble, and in their ornamentation reflect the highest workmanship.

The monument is a conspicuous object of interest in this beautiful resting-place of the dead, and an enduring evidence of the affection of a family in whose affliction the entire country suffered.

CONTEST OF MINIATURE YACHTS.

AN unusual interest has been manifested in aquatic sports this Summer, and a number of strange ideas have been born during spirited contests.

It has been suggested that a large pond in Central Park be given up to the use of children, to enable them to create and operate a miniature navy. This would be a most rollicking pleasure for our schoolboys. Hundreds would be led to build little sloops, schooners, gun-boats, rams and monitors, and, with a kind-hearted man in charge of the pond, to aid the young admirals in shaping, rigging and managing their vessels, and enforce a little caution on the most adventurous, we should have a spectacle that would delight old and young.

Another idea has already been put into practical operation on the lake in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, which attracts large numbers of children to the water. Two clubs, known as the Hoboken Yacht Club, Jr., and the Prospect Park Yacht Club, were formed for the purpose of sailing upon the lake miniature racers.

The boats vary in length from two to five feet, the latter being the extreme limit allowed. Each one is either modeled after some yacht that has won renown, or is the embodiment of a new idea in shipping architecture.

The first regular match of the two clubs took place on the 4th of July last, for a pennant. Since then, the sailing-day have been so arranged that the Brooklyn Junior Club exercise their little ships on Wednesdays, and the Prospect Park Club on Saturdays. Matches also take place on Saturdays, and are invariably sailed to windward.

On the 7th of September there was a very large company of ladies, children, yachtsmen and sailors at the lake, to witness a match for

several prizes. The course was about three-eighths of a mile in length, beginning at Club Island. The boats were hauled to the dock, and, at a signal, were given a slight push to start. Several men were stationed at the end of the course, to "fend off." A large number of boats were entered, and, as the wind filled their sails, they sped away in laughable style. Some behaved in the best manner, while some upset and others collided. The enthusiasm of the spectators was very fervid. The schooner *Eleanor* won the prize, and the *Starble*, *Dream*, *Clara*, *Magic* and *Eagle* exhibited fine sailing qualities.

NEWS BREVITIES.

CHICAGO is to have a new museum.

DIAMONDS are reported in Egypt, Ill.

THE victims of the famine in Persia number over 3,000,000.

A NATIONAL convention of Quakers is soon to be assembled in Wisconsin.

FOUR HUNDRED eyes, intended for the human head, are sold every week in Paris.

THE underground railroad in New York will be commenced in a few weeks.

THE old-fashioned high Spanish comb is about to resume its place in ladies' hair.

TWO craters of Vesuvius are still smoking, and slight shocks are felt at the foot of the mountain.

THE Grand Lodge of the United States, I. O. O. F., holds its annual session in Baltimore this week.

JAPAN's first railway is a perfect success, the people flocking from miles around to enjoy the rapid motion.

AUSTRALIA seems to be having a new attack of the gold fever, and people from all nations are crowding to the diggings.

THE network of rails along Fourth Avenue are at last to be sunk, and a beautiful series of bridges erected at intersecting streets.

AN English court has recently decided that the presence of ghosts in a house is a sufficient reason for annulling the contract between landlord and tenant.

THE Woman's Club-house in New York, which its projectors promise will not be surpassed by any club-house in the country, will be opened in the Winter.

IN some parts of the country peaches are said to be so plentiful that they go about with their skins peeled off and their pits out, begging for some one to eat them.

NOT less than 90,000,000 francs, according to the *Patrie*, is the figure representing the decline of the French revenue from indirect taxation during the last half of 1872.

Among the patent contrivances designed to stop runaway horses is a pair of blinders, by which the driver, on pulling a cord, instantly and effectually blindfolds the animal.

THE Prussian Cultus Minister has given a decision that female teachers may be employed in German schools, but only in such instances where male instruction is not to be obtained.

THE director of the Berlin Museum paid 1,600 francs for a small gold medal containing on one side the head of Marcus Brutus, *Imperator*, and on the other Junius Brutus, first Consul.

THE reported discovery of petroleum in Prussian Siberia will, if the news is confirmed, have a bad effect on the American oil trade, as Germany consumes more oil than any other European country.

By a new regulation, the public will no longer be permitted to view the dead bodies at the Morgue in Paris, but photographs of them will be taken, which it is thought will serve all purposes for identification.

NO EGYPTIAN force has entered Abyssinian territory, as has been asserted. Troops were stationed on the frontier some time ago, to prevent incursions by the Abyssinians, and they have orders not to cross it.

THE situation of the American Legation in Berlin is said to be one of the finest in the city, directly opposite the beautiful Thiergarten Park and Promenade, and surrounded on all sides by the palaces of Berlin nobles.

THE coal-miners' strike in the northern departments of France is attributed to a dissatisfaction among the men, occasioned by international agents, who are at present in that country endeavoring to induce the miners to emigrate to this country.

ALTHOUGH Germany is compelled, by her position, to keep a large standing army, she turns them to account, the heroes of Sedan and Metz having been detailed to assist in gathering the crops where war and emigration have made labor scarce.

AN inclined railway, over which cars are to ascend and descend by steel wire ropes and stationary engines, is to be constructed just outside of San Francisco. The incline will be 2,800 feet in length, and at the top the cars are to be delivered over to a horse railway.

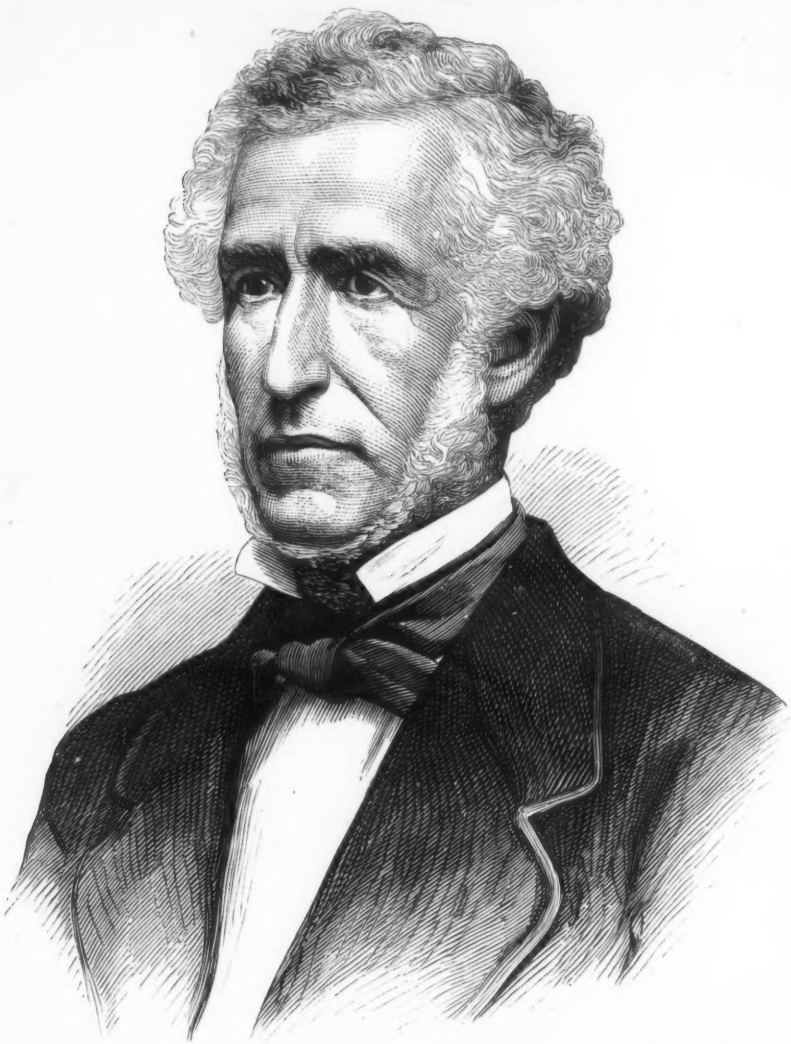
A CALIFORNIA convict, just discharged from the State Prison, has set about fulfilling a vow made at the time of his conviction—that of successfully shooting the twelve jurymen who decided the case against him. In pursuance of this vow, he "laid" for William Blas the other day, and put a bullet in him.

A FRENCHMAN is engaged in getting up what he calls a Universal Caravan. He wants to enlist an army of pilgrims willing to pay 1,100 francs a month into a joint fund for the purpose of making a tour of the world in three years. He proposes "rests" of three months each in Athens, Yeddo, and Paris.

AMONG the remarkable mineral discoveries recently made in Utah is that of a blismuth mine—the only one, so far as known, in the country. It has heretofore been almost exclusively found in Saxony, and its production has been held as a monopoly by the Saxon Government.

A DIVER, J. W. Win, while exploring the bottom of the Savannah River, brought up a copper kettle. Just after, by his order, the contents had been thrown out, he found at the bottom of the vessel a Spanish dollar coined in 1753. He now thinks there were thrown from the kettle over \$400 in silver, and he is going to hunt for them.

THE use of phosphorized bronze as a material for guns is now engaging the attention of the Great Powers of Europe. For some time past, important and thorough trials have been going on with such guns in Russia, and it is claimed, with most satisfactory results. The Swiss Government has also under trial a breech-loader of this new metal, the Dutch Government a muzzle-loader, while the Italian and Austrian Governments are so testing the invention. The French Government, &c., is just about to initiate experiments with guns of this bronze supplied from France.



HON. FRANCIS KERNAN, NOMINEE OF THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC PARTIES FOR GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 39.



HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, NOMINEE OF THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC PARTIES FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 39.

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.

THE season of industrial expositions has opened in grand style, and bids fair to create a new degree of activity in business circles.

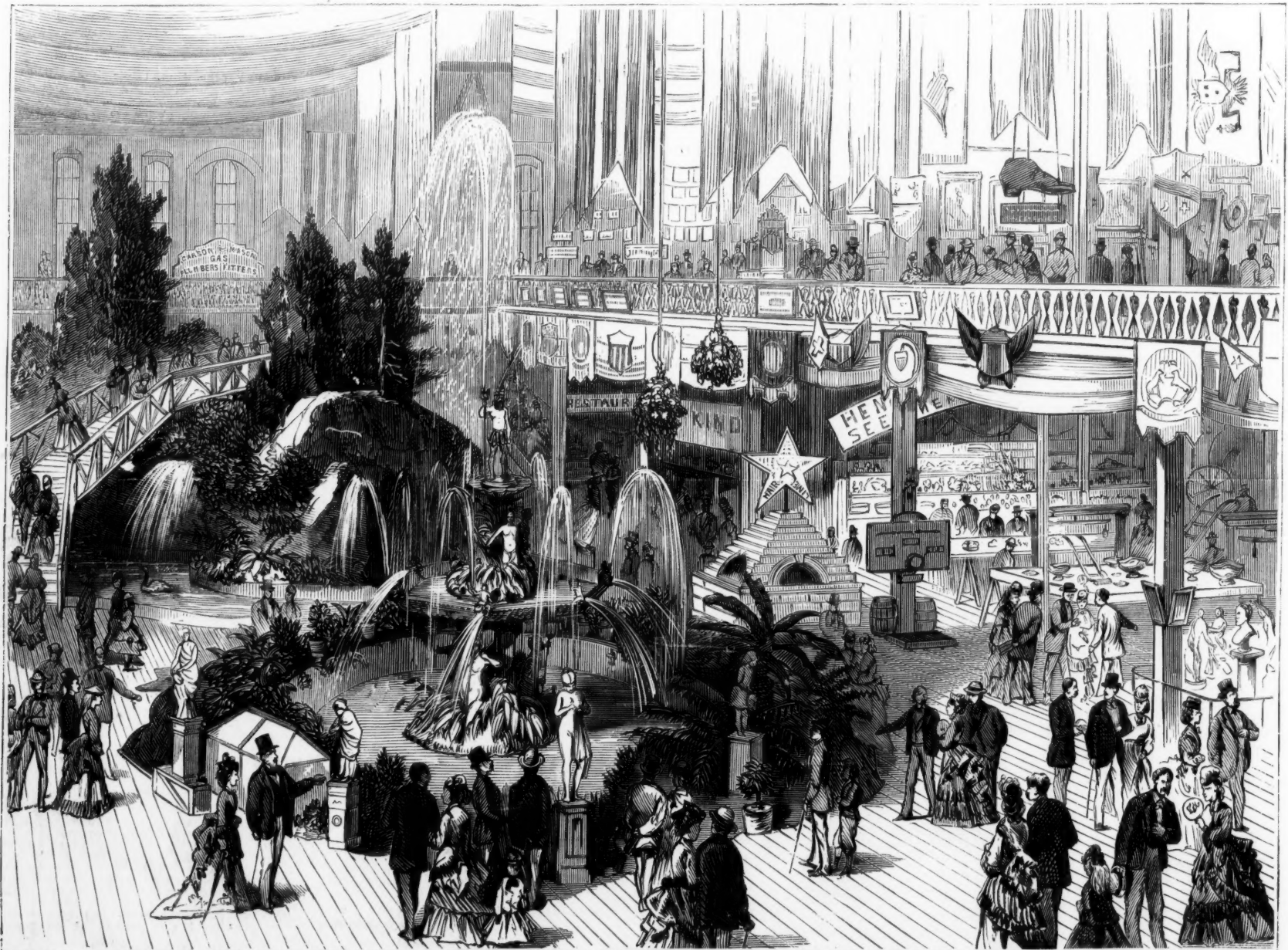
With our pencil and pen we have already

called attention to the first of the series—that now in progress in Newark, N. J., exhibiting purely local manufactures.

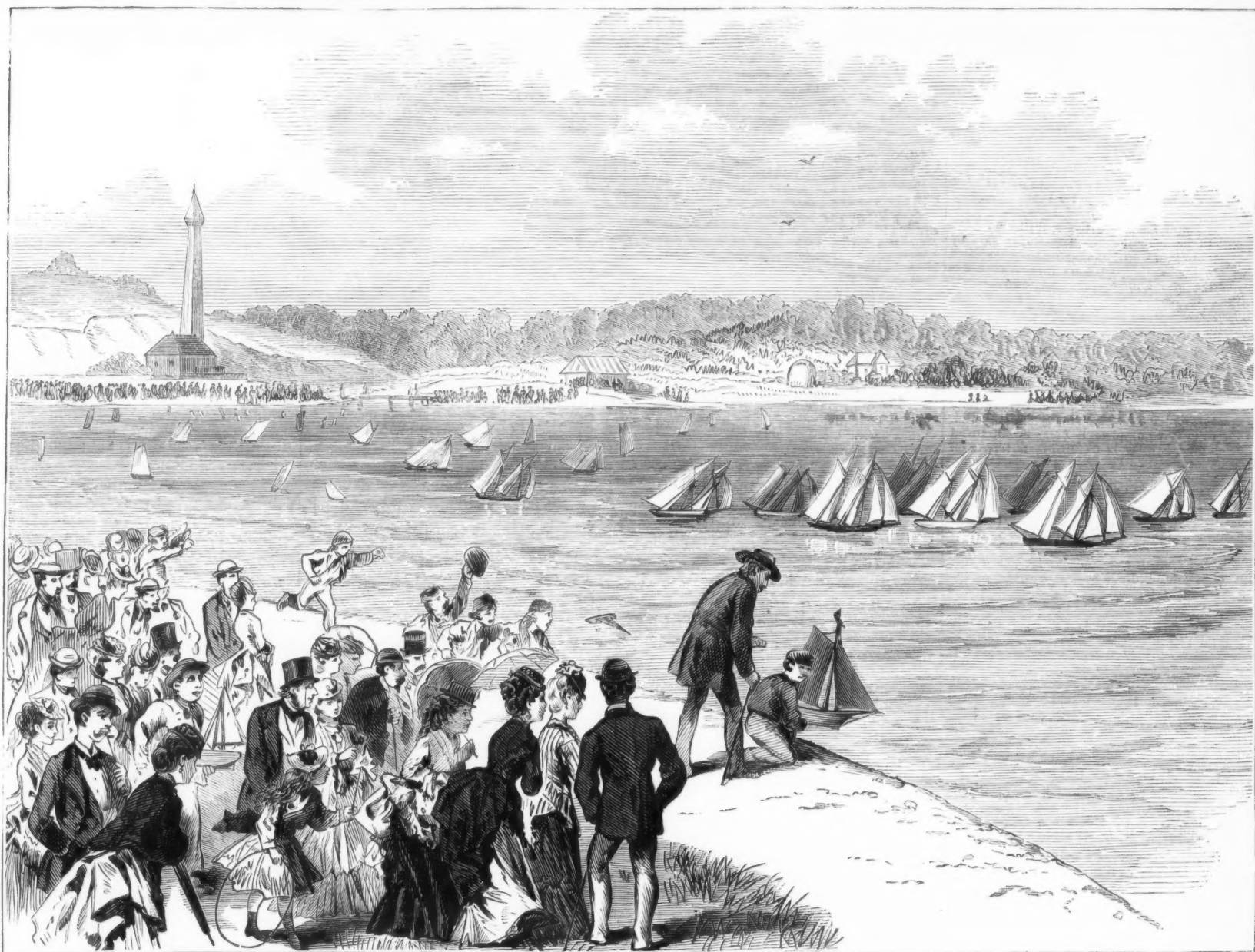
The cities of Louisville, Ky., and Cincinnati, O., inaugurated their grand enterprises on the 3d of September; and in each of these three notable expositions the managers have been

agreeably surprised by the success of their labors. For the Louisville Exhibition, a new and admirably finished building was erected on Fourth and Chestnut Streets. It is in the Renaissance style of architecture, and contains an area of 151,340 square feet. The corners are embellished with Mansard towers.

By day the building is splendidly lighted by windows and skylights. There are thirteen skylights in all. The centre one is in the dome, and is octagonal in shape and twenty-five feet in diameter. It is composed of heavy plate-glass. There are 217 windows in all in the walls, and 17 doors. These openings furnish



KENTUCKY.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE STATE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION AT LOUISVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.



NEW YORK.—REGATTA OF CHILDREN'S BOATS ON THE LAKE IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.—SEE PAGE 43.

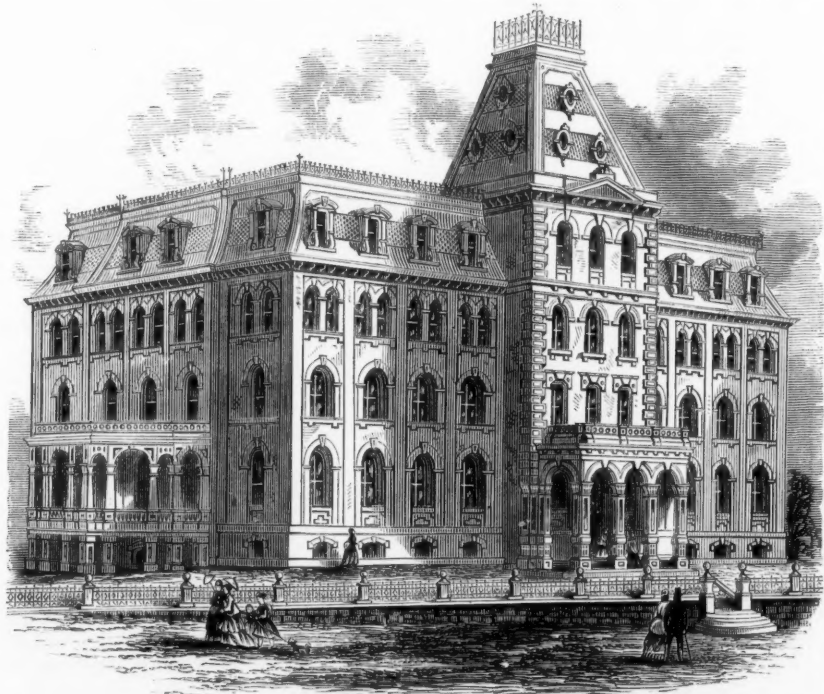
an abundance of light during the day, and there is not a dark corner in the entire building. At night the vast building is illuminated by 3,000 jets of gas. There are 179 bracket-lights, and 260 pendants, two lights each. Around the galleries and the beams of the roof there is a line of pipe 4,150 feet in length, with a gas-jet every two feet around the well-holes of the second floor and the tie-beams. The supply-pipes aggregate two and one-fourth miles.

The fountains are a prominent feature, and add very much to the attractiveness of the hall. Under the dome, and immediately beneath

into business circles. A commendable absence of manufacturing jealousy is noticeable, and a wholesome combination to secure unprecedented success.

We leave to the Daily Press the description of the novelties and attractions of the Exposition. Our space permits us solely to give our Eastern, Southern and Northern readers a glimpse of this noble Western enterprise.

The original intention of the Louisville Industrial Exposition was to furnish an exhibition of the products of our own home industry; but the managers, finding the response to their



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE LOUISE HOME FOR AGED WOMEN, ERECTED BY W. W. CORCORAN, ESQ. SEE PAGE 43.

its centre, is a grand design thirty feet at the base. At the distance of thirty-six feet west, north, and south, there are others sixteen feet each at the base. At a distance of thirty-six feet east of the central fountain is a beautiful one constructed on the revolving plan.

The Exposition-hall was dedicated on the 20th of July, an immense concourse of citizens crowding within its walls.

Since its public opening, the attendance of visitors, from home and abroad, has been encouragingly great. New life has been instilled

call for finances so largely in excess of their expectations, and the demand for space from both home and distant exhibitors so much greater than at first calculated, determined to erect a structure the largest and most complete of its kind ever built in the United States, and to make the Exposition at once national and permanent.

Arrangements for cheap transit to and from all parts of the country have been perfected.

The purpose is to bring together the producers to meet the consumers in this most



NEW YORK.—MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE ADMIRAL FARRAGUT IN WOODLAWN CEMETERY, WESTCHESTER COUNTY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WARREN.—SEE PAGE 43.

accessible and central location. Louisville is the gateway to the South—the only point of exchange between the two great systems of railroads.

Under the changed condition of labor in the South, the demand for modern labor-saving machinery is largely increased, and visitors will be specially desirous of seeing machines in operation.

Ample arrangements are provided for the display of machinery, inventions, manufactures, works of art, and products of industry of all kinds, without charge for space or motive power.

These Expositions are most gratifying contrasts to the general business depression of the past few years. By exhibiting industry, they also create. They give a healthy zest to the perfection of manufactures, and tend greatly to increase the wealth and extend the commercial relations of the country.

LEGAL WAGS: DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

LAWYERS, as a general thing, are a jolly set, and fond of incidental badinage, although sometimes it must be admitted their joking by-play is somewhat untimely on solemn occasions. So many persons thought on the recent trial of Stokes for the alleged deliberate assassination of Colonel Fisk, when Judge Fullerton was badgering Surgeon Carnochan about the use and abuse of narcotics in the last stage of the victim's struggles with the Dread Enemy.

"So they stuck the morphin in, externally, did they, your brother surgeons, after giving the Colonel, internally, grains enough of the potent poison to narcotize him beyond resuscitation? They didn't stop even then, eh? But went on to inject the leprous distillment into the tissues of his body, which, if it had reached the circulation, would have coursed like lightning through the natural lanes and alleys of the body, and left him a lifeless corpse in ten minutes? Is it your practice to 'stick it in' in this way, doctor?"

There was a laugh, the reporters say, at this sally; but it seems to us, and doubtless it did to Stokes, and his aged father and mother, an untimely joke, if joke it could be called.

But, as we have said, the lawyers, even the gravest of them, will have their joke; and these legal pleasantries abound in the Great West, as they used to do in New England in Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate's time. The fact is, these legal wags originate more than half the current wit of the day. Here is a little specimen, the very freshness of which shows its origin. Judge Colt, of Hartford, Conn., formerly of St. Louis, has doubtless many more of the same sort laid away in the cells of his memory, of the Bench and Bar of Missouri. The anecdote is of a legal wit, well known in the State, and only recently deceased:

Being once opposed to Mr. S—, then a late member of Congress, he remarked as follows to the jury upon a point of disagreement between them: "Here my brother S— and I differ. Now, this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light, and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very best, while at the same time neither can see any earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, that a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother S—'s head" (here he laid his hand familiarly upon the large chuckle-head of his opponent) "is a *squash*! I, on the other hand, should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head. Now, here would be a difference—undoubtedly an honest difference—of opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday, and never agree. You may often see men arguing upon subjects as empty and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders that support it, would say at once that I had reason on my side; for, even if it was not a head, it occupied the place of one, and stood where a head ought to be."

All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable. The effect was irresistible, and the joke won the case!

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

AFFAIRE DU COEUR—A dog-fight.

ALWAYS "hard pressed"—Bricks.

THE last appeal—A shoemaker's strike.

EDUCATED on a sound basis—The drummer.

How much cloth is required to make a *spirit-wrapper*?

An exchange is of the opinion that we had several fry days in one week recently.

Why does a sculptor die the most horrible of deaths? He makes faces and "busts."

"**I PROMISE** to love, honor and be gay" is the way the Philadelphia brides get around the nuptial vows.

A MAN that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up his weed for her.

Why is coal the most contradictory article known to commerce? Because, when purchased, instead of going to the buyer, it goes to the cellar.

SON AND HEIR (just home from school, and surrounded by his adoring womankind)—"I say! Just wouldn't the holidays be jolly if it wasn't for the dentist?"

Of a miserly man who died of softening of the brain, a local paper said: "His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn't."

A CINCINNATI paper says that in the present condition of the Ohio, a small and very fine strainer worn inside the mouth may serve to prevent death by strangulation.

An ingenious dentist lightens his more arduous tasks by making artificial flowers out of human teeth stained in various colors. It is pleasant to say of one's extracted molar that it "cometh up as a flower."

Mrs. Brown—"Why, Mary, my love, why are you in mourning?" Mary—"I'm not in mourning, Mrs. Brown, but as the widows are getting all the offers nowadays, we poor girls have to resort to artifice."

FIRST SCHOOLBOY—"You're the new boy, ain't you? Look here, do you collect stamps?" Second Ditto (reassured)—"Ye—s." First Schoolboy—"Then there's one for you!" (Comes down heavily on his toes, and cuts off.)

As a stout old lady got out of a crowded coach in front of one of our hotels the other day, she exclaimed, "Well, that's a relief, anyhow!" To which the driver, eyeing her ample proportions, replied, "So the horses think, mum."

HOUSEMAID (to constant visitor)—"Missis sends you this, and you needn't come again, for we're all going to the sea-side on Saturday." Mendicant—"Tell the lady I'm much obliged to her, and I'm going to the sea-side myself next week!"

"That bed is not long enough for me," said a very tall, groggy Englishman, upon being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith an' you'll find that it's plenty long, sir, when you get into it," was the reply; "for then there'll be two more feet added to it."

Dogs thus divide the week and improve the shining hour. Mondays they fight among themselves. Tuesdays they fight visitors. Wednesdays they are run over by passing teams. Thursdays people throw stones at them. Fridays they bark at passers-by. Saturdays they chase teams, and on Sundays they observe the higher law, and stay in-doors killing fleas.

SOME of our exchanges are publishing, as a curious item, a statement to the effect that a horse in Iowa pulled the plug out of the bung-hole of a barrel for the purpose of slaking his thirst. We do not see anything extraordinary in it. Now, if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bung-hole and slaked his thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the bung-hole of the plug and slaked its thirst with the horse, or if the plug had pulled the horse out of the barrel and slaked its thirst with the bung-hole, or if the bung-hole had pulled the thirst out of the horse out of the bung-hole and plugged its thirst with a slake, it might be worth while to make a fuss over it.

PROGRESS IN MINNESOTA—A COLONY FROM ENGLAND.

THE Rev. George Rodgers, a leading Independent or Congregational minister of Dorsetshire, South of England, accompanied by a number of tenant-farmers, has recently made a tour of inspection through Minnesota, for the purpose of selecting lands for a colony of 2,000 persons—well-to-do farmers, possessing a capital of from \$2,000 to \$10,000 each, and who are among the most successful agriculturists in the world. The delegation selected eight townships in Clay County, Minnesota, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railway. A railroad town, to be named Yeovil (in honor of the district from which many of the colonists came), has been set apart near the centre of their tract. Two hundred families will leave England in April for this colony, and the remainder, with their pastor, will follow during the season.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

Every prudent man, careful of the health and comfort of his family, should see to it that his drinking-water is conveyed through Tin-Lined Lead Pipe, which is a perfect safeguard against lead poison, the too often unsuspected cause of disease and death. Tin-Lined Lead Pipe is strong, durable, flexible, and easily soldered. It is a great benefit to the community, and enhances the real value of every house in which it is introduced. By its use lead and zinc poison and iron rust are all avoided and general health promoted. It is also cheaper than Lead pipe when strength and durability are considered. Sold by the COLWELLS, SHAW, WILLARD MFG CO., 213 Centre Street, New York. Circular and sample of pipe sent by mail free. Also, manufacturers of Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Block Tin Pipe, Bar Tin, Solder, etc. Orders filled at sight.

THE QUEEN OF ALL SEWING MACHINES.—In speaking of the merits of the New Wilson Under-Feed Sewing Machine, it is sufficient for us to say that we think the invention of this machine marks one of the most important eras in the history of this country; and when we consider the influence it has upon the social well-being of the masses, it is difficult to conceive of an invention of more importance. It has a beautiful, noiseless movement; it makes the genuine "Lock Stitch" alike on both sides, and does to perfection all kinds of plain and fine sewing; it needs no commendation; its rapid sales, the increasing demand, and the many flattering testimonials from those who have used it, is sufficient proof of its merits. The want of a sewing machine is deeply felt in every household, and as the Wilson Sewing Machine, on account of its extreme simplicity and less cost of manufacture, is sold at a much lower price than all other first-class machines, it is meeting with the extensive patronage that it so justly deserves. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the U. S. The company want agents in country towns.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22, 1872.
F. W. FARWELL, Secretary Babcock Fire Extinguisher Co.

DEAR SIR—Our experience with the Babcock Fire Extinguisher on this road (we have 230 of the machines) has confirmed our first estimate of it, as a most desirable safeguard. We have saved our buildings repeatedly, and in one or two instances have prevented what we may reasonably suppose would have been large conflagrations.

I cannot too strongly commend them. Their general use would render a fire a rare circumstance.

Yours, truly,
ROBERT HARRIS,
Gen'l Sup't Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

THE "SCIENCE OF HEALTH,"

A new Independent \$2 magazine, sent three months on trial for 25 cents! by S. R. WELLS, 359 Broadway, New York. 887-88

ANY lady who will give a small amount of attention to the task may soon become an expert operator upon the Willcox & Gibbs Silent Family Sewing Machine, and with its help may save hundreds of dollars annually in the expenditures of a large family, without risking her health. It is impossible to do this with any double-thread machine. 658 Broadway, N. Y.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. M. J. MONROE, New York, has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine since 1853 on family sewing and general manufacture; has tried others, but would rather pay \$500 for it than use any other machine; it is as good now as when bought. See the New Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrated Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.

Our "Gallery of Fame" in FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN is the only striking likeness of Napoleon, the orator.

MICHIGAN.—The Detroit WEEKLY TRIBUNE is the most widely circulating advertising medium in Michigan.

The new Colonnade Hotel, on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., is growing famous for its table.

ALL DRUGGISTS

SELL

Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, Because it is reliable.

THE TESTIMONY OF ALL WHO WEAR THEM:

"**Splendid**"
CABLE SCREW WIRE
BOOTS AND SHOES.

Ragged stockings and protruding toes are not seen on feet where

SILVER-TIPS

are worn.

Parents, remember this, they last twice as long. For sale by all dealers.

NOVELLO'S CHEAP MUSIC.

NOVELLO'S GLEES, PART SONGS, etc., each 5c.
NOVELLO'S CHURCH MUSIC 6c.
NOVELLO'S ORGAN MUSIC (BOOKS) 50c.
NOVELLO'S PIANO MUSIC (BOOKS) 50c.
NOVELLO'S POPULAR SONG (BOOKS) 50c.
NOVELLO'S ORATORIOS 50c.
NOVELLO'S OPERAS (Vocal Scores) \$1.00
NOVELLO'S OPERAS (Piano-forte Solos) 75c.

Ask for NOVELLO'S Editions.

Send for Catalogues and Lists to

NOVELLO, EWER & CO.,
751 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

RICH DISPLAY OF FALL FASHIONS.

H. O'NEILL & CO., 327 & 329 SIXTH AVENUE,
Importers of Millinery Goods, have now open a full line of New Fall and Winter Goods.
STRAW GOODS.
200 doz. Straw Turbans, 50c., worth \$1. 50 doz. Straw Turbans, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.10.
100 doz. English Straw Hats, all the newest shapes.
FRENCH FLOWERS. FANCY FEATHERS. OSTRICH TIPS.
500 doz. Fancy Wings, 50c.; sold elsewhere for \$1. 1,000 doz. Fancy Feathers, at a great sacrifice.
Largest stock of Ostrich and Fancy Feathers ever offered in the city, and the cheapest.
RIBBONS.
Full line of all the new shades in Nos. 5, 9, 12, 16 and 22.
SASH RIBBONS. FANCY & ROMAN SASHES.
Roman Sashes (all silk), \$3.
VELVETS. TURQUOISE SILKS. ENGLISH CRAPES.
NOVELTIES IN LACES.
Valenciennes Colerettes, Ruffles, Bows, etc., etc. Articles in Lace and Illusion, for ladies' evening wear, made up in the latest styles. Orders forwarded by mail or express.
TIES & BOWS. WINDSOR TIES. CREPE DE CHINE SCARFS.
1,000 doz. Windsor Ties, 37c.; sold on Broadway for 75c.
We have now open the largest stock of Millinery and Lace Goods in the city, and at the lowest prices. All goods marked in plain figures.

LADIES! GO TO O'NEILL'S, 327 & 329 SIXTH AVENUE.

RICH DISPLAY OF FALL FASHIONS.

DEPELLERINE is warranted to remove all hair from the hands, face, arms, forehead or neck instantly without injury. Price, 75 cts. a box. H. A. SARLEM, Box 2,857, St. Louis, Mo. 884-87.

MONEY for poor men! A Cash Salary of \$30 per week paid to honest men and women, to engage with us at once. Business honorable and first-class. Four beautiful Chromos given away to agents, and everything furnished. G. WEBBER & Co., Marion, O. 887-90

Holloway's Pills.—Absolute control over the disordered stomach and bowels is exercised by these unapproachable vegetable curatives. Their genial effect upon the system is akin to the miraculous. Sold 75 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Price, 25 cents per box. Ask for new style; the old is counterfeited.

ASTONISHING REVELATIONS!—A written whole life, past, present, and future, with a beautiful and correct picture, name and address of future husband or wife, by the greatest living Astrologer. In close 25 cents. State date of birth. Address, R. S. LYFORD, Box 42, Jersey City, N. J. 887-99

AGENTS.—Headquarters for Agents' Supplies. The largest Manuf'ry of Agents' Goods in the U. S. We make 100 different fast-selling articles—largest commission ever offered; just the goods for State and country fairs. Send stamp for circular. WESTERN NOVELTY MANUF'G CO., Cleveland, Ohio. 887-88

LAUER'S DIA AND XXX ALE.

Put up in casks of six dozen pints, for family use and the trade, at \$1.50 per doz. Bottled only by FRED. W. LAUER, Agent, No. 104 North Fifth Street, Reading, Pa. 885-885

Just Published,
"THE HOUSE WITH THE L,"
A NOVEL BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

A more sprightly opening can scarcely be invented. The two schoolgirls in the old house working out its mysteries and secrets, form a most attractive tale, which becomes in its development startling, dramatic, and tragic. It begins in No. 383 of

FRANK LESLIE'S
CHIMNEY CORNER,
Issued Sept. 16th.

OPENING.



NEW YORK.

Having completed the extensive addition to their premises, have opened their

FALL IMPORTATIONS.

Dress Goods

In all the latest fabrics, comprising
Cachemir Sicilien, in Plain and Brocaded.
(Styles strictly confined to this house).
Irish and French Poplins.
Carmelite Cashmeres, Camel's Hair Cloths.
Drap de Nice, Merinoes, Cachemirs.
Plain, Fancy and Richly Brocaded Silks,
(IN ALL THE NEWEST COLORINGS).
Damask Crepelines (all Silk).
BLACK SILKS, in all the leading makes.
Trimming and Cloaking Velvets.
Laces, Embroideries and Hdksfs.
India Camel's Hair and Cashmere Shawls.
Mourning Goods.
WHITE GOODS, LINEN, HOSIERY.
Underwear, Blankets, Flannels and Quilts.
FURNISHING GOODS, etc.

Broadway, corner Nineteenth Street.

MOTHERS,

NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA.
The Mother's Milk Substitute.
Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.
H. ASTIE & Co., Sole Agents,
15 South William Street, New York.
INFANTS.

MEN and WOMEN WANTED Everywhere to take the money for our PAT. BUTTON-HOLE CUTTER, with Silver Case, 25 cts. Cuts 24 sizes. Sells at sight. PAT. FOUNTAIN PENS and YOSEMITE X X GOLD PENS. Samples of all, with Circulars, postpaid, for 25 cts. Also, THE LADIES' CASKET, and other articles. Address, CITY NOVELTY CO., 887-911 eow 404 Library St., Philadelphia, Pa.

RICH DISPLAY OF FALL FASHIONS.

J. MOSES'
Electro Galvanic, Pat. 2 June, '68.

STARTLING & BEAUTIFUL INVENTION!
A continuous stream of Electricity conveyed to the Optic Nerve!
The Organ of Sight restored to its original strength!!
Eye employment, however continuous, rendered free from discomfort!!!

BY
J. MOSES'
Patent Electro Galvanic Spectacles.
Wholesale & Retail Agents wanted everywhere.
J. MOSES, Patentee,
Hartford, Conn.

\$10 A DAY to sell DORMAN'S LITTLE GEM and Rubber Stamps. Address U. S. MFG CO., 97 West Lombard St., Baltimore. 88-90

ESTABLISHED 1853.

H. B. KIRK & CO., dealers in Fancy Groceries, and Importers, Jobbers and Dealers in strictly first-class Wines, Liquors (of mature age), Malt Liquors, Cordials, etc., sell their goods at down town prices, and deliver to all parts of the city and Brooklyn. 69 FULTON STREET.



"Absolutely the best protection against fire."
Send for "Its Record."
F. W. FARWELL, Secretary,
407 Broadway, N. Y.

CAUTION!



NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

This extract is made under Baron Liebig's control, and guaranteed from the finest beef. Physicians, in prescribing, and purchasers, will please take notice and ask for the Extract with Liebig's signature, thus:

For Liebig

J. MILHAU'S SONS, Sole Agents,
183 Broadway and 15 Dey St., New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED

FOR THE

GREAT INDUSTRIES

OF THE UNITED STATES.

1,300 Pages & 500 Engravings.

PRINTED IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN.

Written by Twenty Eminent Authors, including

HORACE GREELEY and JOHN B. GOUGH.

We want Agents in every town to solicit orders for this work, on liberal terms. It sells to all classes, and no library should be without it. It is a complete history of all branches of industry, processes of manufactures, etc. No like work ever before published. One agent sold 138 in eight days, another 125 in one week, another 263 in two weeks. An early application will secure a choice in territory. Full particulars and terms will be sent free, with a specimen of this Great Work.

J. B. BURR & HYDE, Hartford, Conn.

J. G. SCHULL,
Merchant Tailor.

Formerly of 32 Ann Street,

HAS OPENED with an ENTIRE NEW Stock of Goods for the present season, comprising many exclusive novelties from the London market, which are made up in the latest English styles, at moderate prices. Former patrons are invited to visit and select, and the patronage of the general public is also solicited.

J. G. SCHULL,
16 Ann Street, New York.

W. J. GRAHAM,
MANUFACTURER OF

LOOKING GLASSES & FRAMES,

No. 82 BOWERY,

Above Canal Street, NEW YORK.

The Best Place in New York to Buy Reliable Watches, fine Diamonds, rich fashionable Jewelry and sterling Silver Wedding Presents, is SQUIRE'S, 97 Fulton Street. Diamonds a specialty.

ROYAL HAVANA
LOTTERY OF CUBA.

Conducted by the SPANISH GOVERNMENT. \$330,000 in GOLD. Drawn every Seventeen Days. Prizes paid in Gold, and information furnished. Orders solicited and promptly filled. The highest rates paid for Doubloons and all kinds of Gold and Silver; also for all Government Securities. TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall St., N. Y.

Providence Wringer,
NEW 1872.

Moulton Rolls,
Most Durable;
Double Spiral
Cogs,
Easiest working;
Curved Clamp,
Holds Firmest;
Metal Journal
Casings.

No Wear Out.

PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY,

11 Warren St., N.Y., and Providence, R.I.

AGENTS' CAMPAIGN HAND BOOK
WANTED.) AND CITIZEN'S MANUAL.

A full and complete Political Compend, designed for Voters of all parties. Lives of all the Presidents, Presidential Candidates, Cabinets, Constitution, Conventions, Platforms, Election Returns, Census, and other Statistical Tables, etc. 250 Pages; 30 Engravings; Price \$1.25. Book sells at sight; \$10 to \$20 per day easily made. For Circulars, address, F. C. BLISS & CO., Hartford, Conn., or AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., 139 8th Street, N. Y. 884-87.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than for any other. Particulars free. G. BRINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.—A Person having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau Street, N. Y. 885-97

"TRUE TO EACH OTHER,"

A Boys' Story of remarkable power, begins in

FRANK LESLIE'S

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY,

No. 310, Issued Wednesday, Sept. 19.

A very charming Chromo will be given with it, entitled

"Coming Out,"

Equal to those sold by dealers at the price of a year's subscription to this capital paper.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,
(Branch Store 81 Fourth Avenue.)

STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF

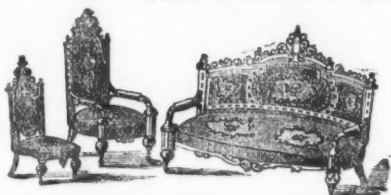
PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM

Furniture, Carpets,

Oil-Cloths, Mattresses,

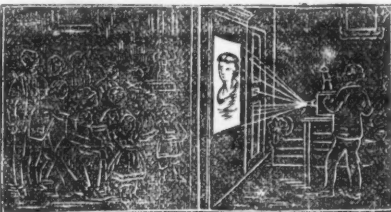
Spring-Beds, Etc.,

Of any House in the United States, which they offer at Retail and Wholesale prices. 80-762



WONDER CAMERA!

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.



WILL SHOW ANY OPAQUE OBJECT.

Inclose stamp for Illustrated Circular.

E. I. HORSMAN, 100 William St., N. Y.,
Sole Agent for the United States.

Hon. Horace Greeley.

THE FINEST CHROMO yet published has just been issued by THOS. LEE & CO., Room 6, Sun Building, N. Y. Price 50 cents. 886-87

ARE YOU MUSICAL?

If so, be also prudent. Do not throw away money on high-priced publications when you can purchase 10 or 20 pieces of excellent sheet music, arranged for the Piano, for one dollar. Call or inclose stamp for new Catalogue. BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 439 Third Avenue, N. Y. 887-900

Book Agents

Now at work, or looking for some new book, will miss it if they do not at once write for circulars of the best selling book published. Extraordinary inducements offered. Address, F. M. REED, 139 Eighth St., N. Y. 873-900

999 TO SELL OUR
CAMPAIGN CHARTS

TO EVERY

AMERICAN VOTER.

Send stamp for Circular.

E. C. BRIDGMAN,
5 Barclay St., New York.

"COMING OUT,"

A capital Chromo given gratis with No. 310 of

FRANK LESLIE'S

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY,

Ready Wednesday, September 18th, in which begins a capital story, entitled

"TRUE TO EACH OTHER."

RAPID RECKONING, system of the famous "Lightning Calculator," whose exhibitions seemed almost miraculous. Any one can learn; useful to all; book enlarged, only 25 cts. JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

MANUFACTURERS of NEW articles desiring to get their goods introduced in Europe will please send samples to C. F. ECKHARDT, 339 Broadway, New York. 878-91

EVERLASTING PERFUME.—"DOLLY Varden's" Perfume Satchel, and a pack of Magician's Cards, sent for 25c. Address, CRAWFORD & CO., 65 Nassau Street, New York City. 887-91

You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 octave Pianos for \$290? We answer—It costs less than \$300 to make any \$400 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent profit. We have no Agents but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories. U. S. Piano Co., 263 Broadway, New York.

F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomingbury Nursery, Ill.; 600 acres; 21st year; 12 Green Houses; Trees, BULBS, HEDGE PLANTS, Nursery Stock; 4 Catalogues, 20 cts. 880-891



COLLINS METAL WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

This cut represents the size and appearance of one of our \$25 Watches and portion of \$12 Vest Chain. These watches, for accuracy of time and in appearance, are fully equal to Gold watches that cost \$250. Some of our watches that have been used on Railroads have not varied one minute in six months. We manufacture three qualities and three sizes; prices, \$15, \$20 and \$25; all Patent Levers, Full Jeweled, in Hunting Cases, Gents' Ladies' and Boys' sizes. Chains, \$2 to \$12, according to weight and finish. Every watch is fully guaranteed by a special certificate. When six watches are ordered at one time we send a seventh one free. All kinds of Jewelry of the same elegant Collins Metal. Goods sent by express, to be paid for on delivery; or, if Post-Office Orders be sent, they will be sent registered and free by mail. The Genuine Collins Watches can only be had of us; we have no Agents. Send stamp for circular with descriptive cuts. Address,

COLLINS METAL WATCH
FACTORY,

335 Broadway, New York City.



New York, Cork and Liverpool.
NEW & FULL-POWERED STEAMSHIPS.

THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

OCEANIC, CELTIC, REPUBLIC, ATLANTIC, BALTIC, ADRIATIC, MAJESTIC.

Sailing from New York on SATURDAYS, from Liverpool on Thursdays, and Cork Harbor the day following.

From the White Star Dock, Pavonia Ferry, Jersey City. Passenger accommodations (for all classes) unrivaled, combining

SAFETY, SPEED, AND COMFORT.

Saloons, state-rooms, smoking-room, and bath-rooms in midship section, where least motion is felt. Surgeons and stewards accompany these steamers.

RATES—Saloon, \$50 gold. Steerage, \$30 currency to London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Londonderry and Bristol. Those wishing to send for friends from the Old Country can now obtain steerage prepaid certificates, \$33 currency.

Passengers booked to or from all parts of America, to Paris, Hamburg, Norway, Sweden, India, Australia, China, etc.

Drafts from \$1 upward.

For inspection of plans and other information, apply at the Company's offices, No. 19 Broadway, New York.

J. H. SPARKS, Agent.



Do Your Own Printing
WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!

which still maintains its reputation as the BEST PRESS EVER MADE FOR THE PURPOSE!

Send for descriptive & illustrated Pamphlet to BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER, 240-251 Federal & 123 Kneeland Sts., Boston; WM. Y. EDWARDS, 248 Broadway, N. Y.; KELLY, HOWELL & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia; Jno. F. EDWARDS, 603 North Fourth St., St. Louis; A. C. KELLOGG, 38-55, South Jefferson St., Chicago;..... Agents.

"Coming Out,"

A Charming Chromo-Lithographic Gift Plate

Presented with each copy of No. 310 of

FRANK LESLIE'S

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY,

In which a capital new story will begin,

"TRUE TO EACH OTHER."

THE

DEMOCRATIC PAPER

OF
NEW YORK.

THE

NEW YORK

EXPRESS.

Daily, - - - \$9.00 per Annum.

Weekly, - - - 1.50 "

Semi-Weekly, - 3.00 "

NOW IS THE
TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

WE are on the eve of the opening of a

Presidential Campaign—one of the most important ever held in this country—and to that portion of the people, therefore, who believe in a stable Government, good laws, an economical and honest Government, and in equal and exact justice, we appeal for that measure of public favor which is due to the principle we avow.

The EXPRESS we shall aim to make more and more, in all its departments, a thoroughly National and Local Newspaper—a Home Journal for the family—a Political Newspaper for the Politician—a Financial and Business Journal for the Banker and man of business. And for the rest, in the future as in the past, the EXPRESS must speak for itself.

The EVENING EXPRESS having had for twenty-seven years a large circulation, especially among visitors to, and business men in, the city, is especially worthy the attention of all classes of advertisers.

In this respect we commend it especially to advertisers who expect to attract the attention of strangers in the city, and of permanent residents.

Liberal terms to Clubs. Send for Sample Copies and Prospectus; as many furnished as may be wanted. Address,

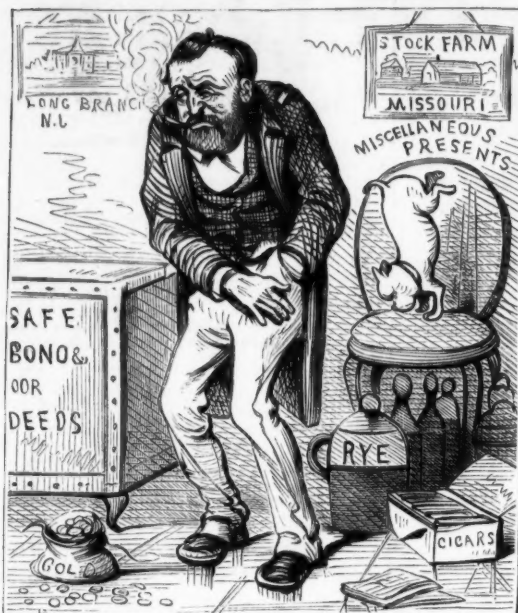
J. & E. BROOKS,
Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row,
NEW YORK CITY.

Just Published,
The New Number of
FRANK LESLIE'S
Budget of Fun,

FULL OF BRILLIANT CARICATURES,

illustrating the Political and Social History of the Month. Among other Cartoons are, "The Comet that will surely come in November," "The Carpentbagger's Catechism," "The Silver Spoon Banjo Serenade," "The probable Election Bets," and numerous other telling hits at the times; besides SIXTEEN PAGES of the raciest and most original comic literature ever published. Every number contains over FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS by the most eminent living artists. For sale by all Newsmen.

MY POLICY.



ADDITION,



DIVISION,



AND SILENCE.

"MY DEAR TITIAN: Allow me to introduce to you my particular friend Mr. George O. Evans. He has a claim of some magnitude that he wishes you to help him in. Put him through as you would me. He understands Addition, Division, and Silence.
 "To TITIAN J. COFFEY, Esq., Washington, D. C."

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA, HARRISBURG, March 30th, 1867.
 Yours,
 W. H. KEMBLE."
 (Representative of Pennsylvania in the Grant National Committee.)

OVER TEN PER CENT. INVESTMENT.

FIRST-CLASS SECURITY.
State Loan of Arkansas,
7 Per Cent. Thirty-Year Bonds.
 A LIMITED NUMBER OFFERED
AT 70 CENTS
 AND ACCRUED INTEREST.

In these Bonds "the faith and credit of the State are solemnly and irrevocably pledged for the payment and redemption of the principal and interest on each and every bond."

THE
ARKANSAS CENTRAL RAILWAY,
 BY
Special Indorsement

Pledge their splendid endowment of Lands, Railroad Rolling Stock, Station-Houses and all other property for the faithful payment of interest and principal, making this a

DOUBLE AND UNDOUBTED SECURITY.
 Interest payable April and October, at the Union Trust Company, New York.
 Maps, circulars, pamphlets, giving full particulars of the loan, to be had by addressing,
WILLIAMS & BOSTWICK,
 Bankers, 49 Wall Street, New York.
 884-87 0

CUNDURANGO. Price Reduced!

Being assured of an ample supply of the Cundurango Bark, hereafter the price of BLISS, KEENE & CO.'S FLUID EXTRACT is reduced to \$3 per bottle. This wonderful remedy cures Cancer, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Consumption, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Syphilis and all Chronic Blood Diseases. It is the Best Blood Purifier known. Send for a circular. Office, No. 60 Cedar Street, New York. o

TIME IS MONEY!

A Waltham Watch
 WILL GIVE YOU
A GREAT DEAL OF TIME FOR A VERY LITTLE MONEY.

And if You Send a Letter as Follows:

Messrs. Howard & Co.,
 No. 865 Broadway, New York:
 Please send me your Price-List of Waltham Watches for 1872, as per advertisement in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
 (Sign Name and Address in full.)

You will receive, postpaid, by return mail, our Price-List, which describes all the different grades of watches, gives weight and quality of the cases, with prices of each, and also explains our plan of sending Single Watches by Express to any part of the country, no matter how remote, with the privilege of examination before paying the bill. Two new Watches have been added to the list, the "Boy's Watch" and the "Railroad Time-keeper." Please keep in mind that we will REFUND the MONEY for any watch that is not satisfactory. Address, HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York.

Residents of California, Oregon and other distant places will find a great advantage in dealing with us.

TO INVESTORS.

TO those who have funds to invest in large or small amounts, or who wish to increase their income from means already invested in other less profitable securities, we recommend, after full investigation, the Seven-Thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. gold interest (equal now to 8 1/4 currency), and sold at par, they yield an income considerably more than one-third greater than U. S. 5-20's. They are Coupon and Registered, the lowest denomination being \$100, the highest, \$10,000.
 Nearly one-third of the Main Line of the Road will be completed and in operation with a large business the present season. All the property and rights of the Company, including a most valuable Land Grant, averaging about 23,000 acres per mile of road, are pledged as security for the first mortgage bonds now offered.
 All marketable stocks and bonds are received in exchange at current prices. Descriptive pamphlets and maps, showing Route of Road, Connections, Tributary Country, etc., will be furnished on application.

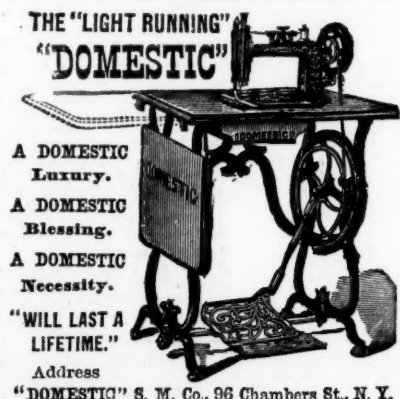
JAY COOKE & CO.,
 New York, Philadelphia and Washington,
 FINANCIAL AGENTS NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.



THE ENEMY SURRENDERS.

The dragon slain by St. George, and the snake that stopped the march of Regulus were mild nuisances compared with CHRONIC INDIGESTION and its accompaniments; yet this foe of health and life, with all the brood of bilious and nervous ailments of which it is the parent, surrenders to

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT
 and is banished from the system. At this season, when the physical powers are so apt to droop and languish, and the spirit to give way, the tonic, purifying, refreshing, renovating and regulating operation of this most agreeable of all correctives is especially conducive to a healthful and vigorous condition of the system. Sold by all Druggists.



THE "LIGHT RUNNING"
"DOMESTIC"
 A DOMESTIC
 Luxury.
 A DOMESTIC
 Blessing.
 A DOMESTIC
 Necessity.
"WILL LAST A LIFETIME."
 Address
"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., 96 Chambers St., N. Y.

Schenck's Tags.

The attention of consumers and the trade is called to these Tags, for shipping and labeling merchandise. Send for sample and prices to
 55 Beekman St., New York.
 P. O. Box 2,564.

ST. CLAIR HOTEL,

MONUMENT SQUARE, BALTIMORE, MD.
 This new and beautiful Hotel is now open. It is the only hotel in Baltimore embracing improved elevator, suits of rooms with baths, and all other conveniences. Special attention shown to Commercial Travelers. Terms, only three dollars per day.
 886-89 H. H. FOGLE, Manager.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS,

Sold by all respectable dealers.
 Wholesale Warehouse, 91 John St., N. Y.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SON.
 887-89-0



The "Three-Ply" Roofing is a perfect success. 20,000,000 yet in use. Circulars and samples sent "Free." MICA ROOFING CO., 73 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
 887-890

MAGIC LANTERNS,

STEREOPTICONS, etc., all sizes, styles, and prices. Campaign Slides now ready. Send stamp for Catalogue.
 W. MITCHELL M'ALLISTER,
 728 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

\$290 for first-class Pianos. No agents. Circulars free. U. S. Piano Co., 683 Broadway, New York.
 875-922-0

A CAPITAL CHROMO,
"The Last Snack Before the March,"
 Given with No. 383 of

FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER;
 In which begin
 TWO SPLENDID SERIAL NOVELS—
"A WOMAN'S SECRET,"
 By W. E. McCANN; and
"THE HOUSE WITH THE L."
 Now Ready at all News Depots.

BALL, BLACK & CO.,

565 and 567 Broadway,

Will continue the sale of their **IMMENSE STOCK** of SILVER WARE, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY and FANCY GOODS, during the SUMMER MONTHS. All goods will be sold WITHOUT RESERVE, at a GREAT REDUCTION, to CLOSE THE BUSINESS.



IS MORE FREE FROM UNPLEASANT taste or smell than any other Cod Liver Oil; is more readily assimilated and more easily digested; can be taken by persons who cannot retain other oil on their stomach; is recommended by many eminent medical men in Europe and America. Sold by Druggists.
 845-870

CRANE & COMPANY,

IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN
FANCY GROCERIES,
 190 Fulton Street, New York,
 Sole Agents for the United States and Canada, for BATTY & CO., London, Celebrated English Pickles and Sauces; WILLIAM CORRY & CO., Belfast, Ireland, Unrivalled Ginger Ale; and proprietors of Hill's East India Manioca.
 867-92-0

DOOLEY'S THE YEAST BEST POWDER TRY IT, SOLD BY GROCERS.

THE NEW YORK EXPRESS ENLARGED.

Daily, Semi-Weekly & Weekly.

The Leading Evening News Journal of the City.

HAVING long felt the want of more space, the EXPRESS is enlarged to meet this want. The attention of Merchants and Financiers are called to our full Financial and Commercial Reports, with the closing prices of each day. To the Ladies we recommend our Social and Fashion News columns, giving the latest intelligence from the centres of European Fashion. While to the general public, news from all parts of the world to the hour of going to press.

With a new dress and larger type, and four columns added to each paper, the EXPRESS will be most easily read at night.

During the Presidential Campaign the WEEKLY EXPRESS will be sent for twelve cents a month. Send for sample copies. Address, J. & E. BROOKS, Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row, New York City.

25 Library Numbers.
 CUT, like Postage Stamps, 10c. 100.
 Uncut, 5c. 100. 2 Sizes, Self-sealing.
 P. F. Van Everen, 191 Fulton St. N. Y. 886-9110

AGENTS WANTED.—The New York Plate Glass Co. supplies transporta and sets Plate Glass, as well as indemnifies against all casualties. Agents wanted. Send for circular, 194 Broadway, New York.
 11-0